

878.

The O A K S, &c.

A C O M E D Y.

By Mrs. B U R G E S S.

The OAKS & Co.

A COMEDY

BY JAMES BURGHES

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THE
OAKS;
OR, THE
BEAUTIES
OF
CANTERBURY.
A COMEDY,

As performed at the THEATRE in CANTERBURY.

Written by Mrs. BURGESS.



CANTERBURY;
PRINTED by SIMMONS and KIRKBY,
1780.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. MIELL.

LADIES and Gentlemen, I'm sorry—say,
 I'm not t' apologise, or give out a Play
 But to excuse our Authorefs' undertaking
 She's now behind the Scenes—miserably quaking.
 I've something from her, if I ha'nt forgot it,
 Humph!—here 'tis, in my Waistcoat Pocket.
 A charming House! this is a pleasing Sight,
 Sure all our Authorefs' Friends are here to Night;
 Forbear to criticize each faulty part,
 With kind Indulgence lend a friendly Heart.
 In vain oft' times she's many things attempted,
 And has as often, when too late, repented;
 But now indeed th' Attempt is somewhat new,
 The End is answer'd, if approved by you.
 She has drawn her feeble Pen in humble style,
 T' amuse her Friends, and gain a pleasing Smile,
 Tho' bold the Attempt, she has ventur'd on to try —
 Receive it, Gentles, with a favouring eye.
 Our Authorefs hopes that none will be offended,
 For 'tis most certain she ne'er that intended:
 Bad Characters will always some one hit,
 But not in Boxes, Gallery, or Pit——
 There like yourselves may every Virtue shine
 In beauteous Forms—blest with an Angel's Mind.
 I heard a whisper—(if I've not mistook)
 “ What! is this Play wrote by Burges's the Pastry Cook;
 “ To thrive she's turn'd her Hand a thousand Ways,
 “ But why attempt such Things, as writing Plays. “ Let

" Let her make Sacques, Gowns, Tarts, and Pies:

" And not presumptuously an Authoreſs riſe.

" It ſurely muſt be ſhocking Stuff; however,

" To write a Play, ſhe ſhou'd be ſomething clever.

" But ſhe is ſuch an awkward clumsy Woman,

" Quite impolite—her education common."

This Audience therefore never can expect,

To find her Play well wrote—without defect;

The Attempt is like her ſhop, not quite compleat,

But intermixt with bitter, ſour, and ſweet:

Then what you find, that will not ſuit your Taſte,

Why ſing it by—as ſhe oft does her Paſte.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Colonel Bloom,</i>	-	-	Mr. Miell.
<i>Mr. Brown,</i>	-	-	Mr. Hemley.
<i>Mr. Johnson,</i>	-	-	Mr. Cubitt.
<i>Mr. Worden,</i>	-	-	Mr. Swords.
<i>Faddle,</i>	-	-	Mr. Munden.
<i>O'Wrangle,</i>	-	-	Mr. Griffith.
<i>Jemmy Jessamy,</i>	-	-	Mr. Miell.
<i>Butler,</i>	-	-	Mr. Kent.
<i>Landlord,</i>	-	-	Mr. Blakeney.
<i>Frenchman,</i>	-	-	Mr. Swords.
<i>John,</i>	-	-	Mr. Baker.
<i>Waiter,</i>	-	-	Master Blakeney.

WOMEN.

<i>Miss Worden,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Dawes.
<i>Elder Miss Worden,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Kell.
<i>Miss Sprightly,</i>	-	-	Miss Hale.
<i>Isabella,</i>	-	-	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Jenny,</i>	-	-	Miss Rice.

Volunteers, Servants, Boy, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE, CANTERBURY.

The

1524

The O A K S, &c.

A C T I.
SCENE *a Tavern.*

Colonel discovered at a table. (Rings the bell.)

Enter Waiter.

COLONEL.

BRING a bottle of port, and let your master know I should be glad to speak with him.

Wait. O, here is my master, Sir. [*Ex. Waiter.*

Enter Landlord (bowing.)

Col. Come, Landlord, sit down and take a glass with me.

Landl. Sir, you do me too much honour. [*Sits down.*

Enter Waiter with bottle and glasses.

Col. Sir, as I am a stranger, I should be glad, if you would inform me, what is worthy of notice in this city.

Landl. Sir, we have no great curiosities in Canterbury, but our old fashioned Cathedral:—And yet we have something worthy of notice too, for we have as fine girls as any in Christendom.

Col. Why, I have heard that Kent is remarkable for fine women.

Landl. We have abundance of all sorts.

Col. I suppose you mean the loose sort, Eh, Landlord?

Landl. O, no Sir, we have a great many worthy Ladies in Canterbury, that are very good, very pretty, and very rich.

Col. Really, that's something rare to be met with, and very desirable; but where are those dear, amiable creatures to be found?

Landl. In your way from the Cathedral there is, Sir, a place that is called the Oaks. Sir, it is a genteel walk,

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frequented by the ladies in a morning, and by the other sort of ladies in an evening.

Col. O, then that is a place of rendezvous for them, Eh?

Landl. O, yes Sir; there are many pretty little intrigues carried on there on moon-light nights; and there's feldom a new regiment comes to town, but the lasses shew themselves in the Oaks: Bless me, there is a sweet lady passing now (*looking towards the window.*) Believe me, she is as fine a girl as any in England; she deserves a prince; she has no pride, is a great wit, a great beauty, and, what crowns all, she has a great fortune.

Col. She seems very pretty—What is her name?

Landl. Her name, Sir, is *Miss Worden*; she lives with an old cross maiden Aunt, who keeps her confined like a bird in a cage. The old lady is very rich, ill natured to a degree; and as much hated as her neice is beloved.

Col. Is that her brother with her?

Landl. No, no,—he is a relation to her, but no more like her than I am to the *Queen* (heaven bless her!) for he is the most fantastical Finiken, he-she-thing you ever met with; he has been abroad to be made a fine gentleman, and has come home a greater fool than ever. Some say the old Curmudgeon, his Uncle, will leave him a great fortune; but I don't believe it, for he loves his money too well to leave it to any one, so that it must come to the young Lady, and they say she has the greatest right to it; and if all accounts be true, they have cheated her of ten thousand pounds already, that was left her by her uncle Charles.

Col. Pray do you know one Mr. Brown of this city?

Landl. O, yes, Sir he lives just by, he is a very good sort of a gentleman.

Col. Pray send for him, Landlord.

Landl. Yes Sir.—Here Richard (*enter Waiter*) Go to Mr. Brown, and tell him there's a gentleman here would be glad to speak to him. [*Exit Waiter.*]

Col. Pray Landlord, have you any diversions in this town?

Landl. Yes, Sir, we have Assemblies, and a Theatre.

Col. Ay!—And have you a good company of Comedians?

Landl.

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Landl. Why, Sir, that's impossible for me to say; they have met with little encouragement as yet.—And it must be great merit indeed that shines in an empty house! It is the *ready rhino* makes chearful spirits, and a man both work and play well,

Col. Why, you seem to have a great many officers in town.

Landl. Why, Sir, we are greatly burthened with the army.

Col. I shou'd imagine they were no burthen, but I should rather suppose you wou'd find your account in them.

Landl. O, yes Sir, I did find my account indeed, but got it settled, as courtiers reward past services, with fair promises only; for some of the regiments we had were bad paymasters, and got into every tradesman's books in town.

Col. Why, that's very remarkable, for in general they are both men of spirit and fortune.

Landl. Why, Sir, it is not always the case; for now we have men of fortune and spirit, who act with honour, and it will give me great pleasure if it is the last time I have to complain of the army, for we cant't afford many losses now; before the war we had opportunities, we cou'd make up a loss then, when we had the Duke *de Nivernois*, and many of the French gentry over, we cou'd whip them up on one side, if we sunk on the other. But there's no such time now.

Col. But I wonder the Officers don't fill the Theatre, as they, in general, are fond of amusements, and you say they are Gentlemen of Spirit.

Landl. Sir, there have been several full houses lately on account of the celebrated *Mr. Palmer*, from the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, performing here, for there's nothing like a *Theatre Royal* on the bills.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Mr. Brown, Sir, to wait on you.

Col. Shew him up. [*Exit Waiter.*

Landl. You'll excuse me, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. Brown.

Brown. My Dear, Colonel Bloom, I am happy to see you; this is a pleasure I little expected; I hope this visit is intended for me.

Col. Certainly.—I hate compliments; but of this, be assured, there is not a person in all my acquaintance, I am so happy to see as yourself.

Brown. Sir, you do me honour, and the longer you make your visit, the more you'll add to my pleasure;—But pray how long have you been in town?

Col. Long enough to know half the affairs of your city, and that you have a great many fine girls in it.

Brown. That's amazing, and not let me know of your arrival before. Pray, when came you from abroad, and when did you see or hear any thing of my dear Isabella?

Col. My dear Brown, I see you are all impatience; but I have a sad tale to tell you.

Brown. O!—What?

Col. About a fortnight after you were gone, her father was determined to marry her to Monsieur Depond, and every thing was preparing for the marriage, and she herself seemed compliable; but in the morning, when her maid came to dress her, she found her gone, her window open, that looked upon the river, her handkerchief hanging by a hook, as if it had caught on her dropping out, and one of her slippers laying on the brink of the river.—The family were in the greatest confusion, but searched the river in vain; so that they were in the utmost distress, and wish'd enough that they had consented to your marriage.

Brown. Oh, you don't know how much you have distressed me.

Col. Well, don't despair, I hope I can give you some comfort; you must know, I think her a woman of more sense than to drown herself. My man was a sweetheart to the maid, and it seems she gave him a hint, that though she was dead in Spain, she might be alive in England, and now my supposition is, that this is all artifice, and that she is come to England in some disguise, to seek for you.

Brown. Well, I am all alive at the mere supposition; but to find me will be a miracle, as she has not the least direction.

Col. Well, come, let's take a walk, and drown this melancholy, and introduce me to some of these fine girls, that honest Goodwine has been telling me of, for I am tired of waiting here for Johnson.

[*Exeant.*
Enter

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Enter Isabella.

Scene changes to another apartment in the Inn.

Isab. Unhappy Isabella!—What can I do in this strange place? no friend! no money left, know no creature!—destitute in every respect!—unfortunate in every thing!—where will my trouble end?—what shall I do; sure I am the most miserable, unhappiest of beings?

[Weeps.]

Enter a Frenchman.

Frenchm. Dear madam, do not cry, Providence will provide you some good place, when you reach that great Londre town; every body get some living dere.

Isab. Ah, me! I believe I must get some place, for I fear I shall never find him!—

Frenchm. What! not find your friend Mamsel!—I will ask every body dat I meet. Pray vat you call dat friend of yours?

Isab. I have lost my direction, which was a bad one.

Frenchm. Madam, if you cannot find your friend, get some good place, I have got a great many good friend at Londre that have got de good place, I will recommend you myself.

Isab. I wish I could wait on some lady, or be a governess—

Frenchm. Ah, ah! my good madam, get some better place den dat, you be very prit, you may make some good fortune; if you vait upon de lady, you get some cast off cloaths, and de vages, if you be de governess, den de childs don't learn, den you be in de disgrace:—Now me will help you to one good place to vait on some de lord, de count, de duke, de squire, den you may have good cloaths, and be as fine as de countess herself, and have de good moneys too, den you may have de Inglais maid to vait upon you, and be de fine lady in short time.

Isab. What, do you take me for a prostitute!!! No! my distress shall never make me deviate from the paths of chastity,—you know but little of me.

Frenchm. I know you be a very prit lady, and begar if I could keep you myself, no vone should prosecute you.

Isab. Sir, I beg you wou'd not shock me with your illiberal language; It's base, and cruel of you thus to presume on the distresses, and add an additional thorn in

the breast of an unfortunate, and helpless woman ! [*Weeps*]
Begone, and leave me to my sorrows !

Frenchm. O, madam, if you be affronted, me don't care for dat, you may get out of your distress if you can vid out money, if you know hōw. I suppose you did not leave your own country for nothing at all, begar you be glad to accept of my offer, when your prode spirit comes to.

Isab. O ! that I shou'd live to this !—how happy did I not proceed any further with this fellow, who can tell what might have happened ?—O, that I had some friend to extend the fostering hand of relief, to one so much in need of protection !

Enter O'Wrangle.

O'Wrang. O save you, my dear honey ; what are you at that sport ? she's a very modest woman, for an immodest one, however ; but if I had suspected so much yesterday, I would have had her myself a fortnight ago ; but what, are they falling out ; what are they got sick of one another before they are tired ? By my shoul, I believe he is ill using the *gentlewoman*. For a change I'll speak to them. Save you, dear lady !—What is the matter with Monsieur ?

Isab. Sir, I am greatly distressed, and this fellow seeing my situation inhumanly insults me in my misfortunes ; he addresses me with language, that would shock the ear of modesty, and uses me like a common wanton ; therefore as I think you are a gentleman, I solicit your protection.—

O'Wrang. What do you mean, Mounseieur Ragoût ; do you think to affront the lady, because she is a fellow passenger in the coach ? By Saint Patrick, if you do it again, I will measure my sword in your guts amongst all your soup and sallad.—You shall know that Patrick O'Wrangle, Esq; will not basely see a woman used ill ; when he finds a lady is in want of his protection, his hand instinctively finds it's way to his sword, and ever corrects the impudent coxcomb, who cou'd be so unmanly to create a blush in the cheek of modesty, or inhumanly insult unprotected innocence.—Come, never fear, Madam, I'll assist you in every trouble you have gone through in your whole life.

Isab.

Isab. Sir, I am so confused, and my mind is in such a state of agitation, that I want words to thank you for your goodness.

Frenchm. Perhaps the red hot Irishman, you may like de much better, and not be so coy, as he be so courageous; de lady, I perceive no like de polite French gentleman.

O'Wrang. The devil take your politeness, I say, "de coy, and de courage" (*mimicking*) O, I'll see what courage you have in your composition, by St. Patrick, will I, in no time at all, at all.

Frenchm. You may have de lady for me, for begar I don't want to fight de duel, and I have nothing to draw.

Irishm. You paltry French scoundrel! by St. Patrick, dear honey, I will find you something to draw; you shall find that Patrick O'Wrangle, will correct gallic assurance whether it's directed against the ladies, or the King, (heaven bless him) and his injured country—You shall know what it is to fall into the hands of Patrick O'Wrangle; go, return to your dastardly, faithless country, and miserably feed on frogs and soup maigre, with the rest of your cowardly crew, who are equally alike, strangers to honour, courage and humanity, (which their late behaviour has fully evinced) except my brave countrymen, the Irish brigades—the flower of the French army! decamp, you poltroon, and leave such sweet women for the enjoyment of those, who have hearts susceptible of love, and courage to defend them.

Exit. Frenchman.

Isab. Oh, Sir, you have greatly alarmed me, I should be sorry you should meet with any accident on my account.

Irishm. Save you, my dear honey, but you are as welcome to my services as sunshine to the flowers in May, and I am glad I came to your assistance before you had any occasion for it: By my shoul, I took a very great liking to you in our passage, before I knew whether you came at all: My sword, my person, and my fortune, Madam, are all at your service;—I am a gentleman of quality, my father was the General O'Wrangle, in Kilkenny, and there is not a family there but knows the courage of the O'Wrangles.

Isab.

Ifab. I verily believe it, Sir,—you have convinced me of your valour but this instant.

Irishm. My mother came of the antient family of the O'Wheedles, famous all over Ireland. My uncle Shoughness had a large estate, which he could go round and round for a week together, and not come to the same place afterwards; he left me ten thousand pounds, which is now enjoyed by the right owner, and that I am after getting again—he died just as he was making his will.

Ifab. That was very unfortunate.

Irishm. Oh, honey, not at all, for I was his great favourite, and he told me, if he knew he should have died so suddenly, he should have left me a great deal more, ay, faith all he had; so you see I am not such a despiseable match. What says, my charming creature?

Ifab. Sir, accept the grateful acknowledgments of one, who will ever retain a just sense of the favour you have done her; but at the same time, she cannot possibly accept of your offer. I am much obliged to you, and have no desire of going any further.

Irishm. My dear honey, I am sorry to part with you, but the coach will be gone, while I am waiting behind for it; and if Monsieur offers to renew his impertinent attacks, by the shades of Clontarf, I'll cut him limb from limb, joint from joint, and then tumble him out of the coach; and so, my dear, I am your most humble, and ever devoted humble servant.—Sing Ballinimoneora, Ballin. &c.

[Exit, Singing.]

Ifab. How dreadful are my misfortunes, to be subject to such affronts in an unknown place! Oh what has indiscretion brought me too? A fatal love that has been my ruin! But could I bear to marry a man that I detested? forbid it heaven! I'd sooner suffer the keenest misery—sure I shall find some good Christian to take my part, some feeling heart open to my distress.

My sorrows surely more and more increase,

Direct me Providence to some place of peace. [Exit.]

Miss Worden discovered at her toilet — Enter Miss Sprightly.

Miss Spright. How do you do, my dear creature? I have got a thousand things to say, I long'd to see you.

Miss Word. Why that's impossible, when you were here so late last night, and I think you and I said every thing

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thing we could say ;—What, have you some new adventures ?

Miss Spright. Why, it seems an age since I saw you—I have been served such a trick, you would scarce believe it ; why, my dear, I am in love up to the head and ears.—

Miss Word. What, since last night, after you had made such a resolution ?

Miss Spright. Yes, my dear, since last night, and slept and ne'er dreamt of danger ;—why, my dear it is within this hour or two—for the little blind god, Cupid, crept into breakfast with me, and I never perceived the urchin 'till the dart had entered, and I found the wound too deep to be cured.

Miss Word. But who is this unaccountable, that has done this great mischief so unawares ?

Miss Spright. I can't tell.

Miss Word. What not tell who you are in love with ? —that's strange !

Miss Spright. It is, I think, that I should be caught in this manner by a stranger ; he is a gentleman of Mr. Williams's acquaintance when he was abroad, and he is come here concerning something of a will : Now I want you to go and take a walk in the Oaks ; we shall then meet with him, when he comes from the office ; it seems he has a friend with him, whom Mr. Williams gives a high character of abroad—That he was a man of great courage, a generous master, a sincere friend, and kind benefactor to the afflicted.

Miss Word. What is the gentleman handsome

Miss Spright. No ; I can't say that he is ; he is exceedingly agreeable, which is far preferable to beauty in a man ; but I must find him in my walks, and have your opinion of him ; Can you go ?

Miss Word. Yes, my Aunt is out, and she was in so good humour before she went, that I may go any where.

Enter Faddle.

Miss Spright. Bless me ! here is Mr. Faddle ! but never mind, he will suit my purpose well ; O, I am very glad to see you Mr. Faddle, will you take a walk ?

Fadd. The honour as well as happiness of walking with Miss Sprightly is what few can aspire to ; with pleasure therefore I attend your leisure.

Miss

Miss Word. Upon honour, Mr. Faddle, is the very quintessence of gallantry and address—I see you are particularly engaged, therefore take my leave—confident I can never leave you in more agreeable company. [*Ex.*]

Miss Spright. O, Sir, your good company must certainly be agreeable, I don't know when I spent an evening so happy as last night; in short, you entertained the whole company, and you sing divinely.

Fadd. O, Madam, you flatter me; but a kind word from you gives me more pleasure than all the company together.

Miss Spright. Then, Sir, I flatter myself that I am one of your favourites.

Fadd. You certainly are, my dear Miss Sprightly, the chief favourite of all my favourites.

Miss Spright. And certainly, Mr. Faddle, you are the politest among the polite.

Fadd. O, madam! if I am blest in your good graces it is the utmost of my wishes.—I am superlatively happy!!!

Miss Spright. That you certainly are.

Fadd. O, dear!—Then madam I am truly blest, and and think it the greatest favour to be rank'd among your admirers.

Miss Spright. Sir, you do me honour, and there is no body but what would think it an honour to be reckon'd among Mr. Faddles favourites. I wish you would give me that new air you sang the other night, for I dearly love to hear you sing.

Fadd. And, madam, it delights me to hear you speak, for your voice is the music of the spheres themselves. But, Madam, I will attempt a song at your desire, I have learnt a little of the Italian air, and it is certainly very agreeable, and gives an inexpressible softness to the music.

SONG, by Faddle.

I.

*More sweet than every flower that blows,
The pink, the lilly, or the rose;
Not all the rich perfumes, if there,
Could with my charmer sure compare,
Could with my charmer sure compare,
Could with my charmer sure compare.*

II.

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II.

*And you are that delightful maid,
And you my heart have captive made;
Oh! bear a tender lover sigh
One who for you must live, or die,
One who for you must live, or die,
Die, die, die—live or die.*

There miss!—What do you think of it. I wrote it upon you, and it is every word of it truth, for though there have been many ladies dying for love of me, none, Madam, had charms to captivate me but yourself; there's the countess, and many more ladies would have thought it an honour, to have been Mrs. Faddle; but believe, my dear Miss Sprightly, that name I have preserved for you only.

Miss Spright. Oh, sir, you are exceedingly obliging and gallant, but the honour is too great for me.

Fadd. Oh, not at all, not at all, you'll grace the name of Faddle exceedingly.

Miss Spright. Sir,—We will walk, if you please.

Fadd. I shall attend you with a great deal of pleasure, but I must call at my perfumers for some Eau de Luce, and Dentifrice, and some new fashion'd combs for my little bow-vow. [*Exit Faddle gallanting Miss Sprightly*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, a Hall in Worden's House.

Enter John and Jane.

JOHN.

I Tell you I don't care any thing at all about it; why if you like to pick up a red coat, you may, for I have done with you.

Jane (weeps.) Now, how can you be so cruel John! it is only jealousy in you, and I never loved any but yourself, and there was no harm in my walking in the Oaks; I am sure it was with no bad design.—

John. No harm, no harm, do you say?—What good could there be in it? Did not you run home frightened out of your wits, and sweat 'till the drops ran off your face,

face, and did not you say that had it not been for a strange gentleman, you should have been ruin'd for ever, and now to pretend it was nothing at all?—I say, if you go there, you will lose your character, (if it is not gone already,) besides you are *beigb-go-mad* after these new Volunteers.—

Jane. I am sure I have seen a great many *ladies* walk there.

John. That is quite a different case, *you* walked there at *night*: And that is no excuse; ladies may do many things, and what is a fault in you, is none in them; they meet their equals, but what can gentlemen think of such as you, that will venture themselves in obscure places, and dark corners? They certainly must have an unfavourable opinion of you, and so will every honest man; and you must take the consequence of your imprudence! Indeed, Jenny, I am sorry for your indiscretion. Now, suppose I was to go and pick up a lady, what do you think they would say of me!—Should you not blame me?

Jane. That's a different case, they would laugh at you.

John. And you may depend on it, they will laugh at you, and despise you behind your back. Besides, what would your mistress say, if she knew it? She that is so virtuous herself would not put up with such rantipole doings in a servant!

Jane. I don't suppose she is better than myself, and I dare say she never had the temptation to be otherwise—besides she is so cross a creature.—

John. She was not always so

Jane. Perhaps her living an old maid has made her so?

John. That will never make you so.

Jane. I desire none of your fleers. I am sure you use me very cruelly by your unjust suspicions.—Well, make it up with me, do, and you'll find me as virtuous and discreet as the best of them; you know I have the sincerest regard for you.

John. Behave then as an honest woman ought to do, and don't flirt with any body, and then you'll always find me sincere; 'tis my regard for you that makes me tell you of your faults; for believe me, Jenny, a virtuous woman is an ornament to her sex, and a forward wanton, an utter disgrace to it.

[Exit.
Enter

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Enter Jemmy Jessamy.

Jem. How do you do my dear Mrs. Jenny, is my master here?

Jane. No, he is just gone with the Ladies, and my mistress is gone to buy a new gown, and that will take her up the morning, so I have got all the house to myself.

Jem. That is lucky indeed, I have long wish'd for an opportunity of seeing you alone, to tell you how dearly I love you. Why, Miss Jenny, you look like an angel; I am all in raptures at the sight of you, and all despair when you are absent. O, my dear, dear Jenny!

Jane. O, dear Jemmy, you men love to flatter so dearly, I don't believe a word you say.

Jem. My dear look in your glass, and that will inform you that I don't flatter; who can behold such beauty and be silent?

Jane. O dear, that is delightful, that is out of some play I'm sure; well, I declare, I believe you have learnt some of these pretty speeches from your master; he was talking to the Ladies just now in the same manner; you are as polite as a gentleman, and not in the least like our John, for *his* courtship is more like quarrelling—Your master has been making a song and sung it to the Ladies.

Jem. My dear, I will make a song on you, if you will give me leave?

Jane. O lud! O do?

Jem. Will you have it in French, or in English?

Jane. O, French, that must be the genteelst.—Now make one about your falling in love with me.

Jemmy Sings.

*Le mon son do de pon de me los to my dear,
Profet de Jean de fond of me de foolish Jean;
Jud de le bon, de pretty song
De pon de Cesto, dat is all de nos so.*

Jane. O, it is very delightful, but I don't understand it. But I am sure it is very fine.

Jem. No, I don't know how the devil you should, or any body else; but I must take off my master a little to please her.

Jane. Well, you are so much cleverer than John, for I can never be virtuous enough for him, he stands so much upon ceremony.

Jem. O, my dear, you are full virtuous enough for me,

me, as I think it is not so necessary; but I want to have a little more private talk with you.

[Takes her round the waist and meets John.
John sings in a rage.

I.

*Is this all your boasting of honor and virtue?
To be trifling here with this flat'ring fool;
I never no more, no, no more will believe you,
Nor, Madam, no longer will I be your tool.*

II.

*This fellow will lye as fast as his master,
What e'er he may say, you ought not to believe;
I scorn for to cringe, and I scorn for to flatter,
But it ne'er cou'd be said, I'd a woman deceive.*

[Exit.

Jem. The Boor is too unpolished for so much delicacy as my Jenny, therefore

*My love give way to love's alarms,
And we'll be happy in each others arms.* [Exeunt.

Discovered in the parlour Miss Worden and Miss Sprightly.

Miss Spright. My dear, this is the new song I wrote this morning.

Miss Word. Pray let's hear it.

Miss Sprightly sings.

I.

*I find that love has touch'd my heart,
I feel the pleasing, pleasing pain,
Tho' oft I have escaped the dart,
I find it's now, it's now in vain.*

II.

*Then let us seek this charming man,—
The pain, the pain, I can't endure.
Love will find a thousand ways,
But what he'll find, he'll find a cure.*

Miss Word. My dear, you are pretty far gone, but I trust you'll use discretion; for nothing men are so indifferent to, as an easy prize; the more trouble we give them, the sweeter is the success.

Miss Spright. My dear, I wish you were just in my situation, then we should see your discretion; but you seem no novice in these affairs. My dear, would you let me lose my lover for a little trifling punctilio? Suppose he should go off post haste, when I am in the height of my passion.

Miss

Miss Word. No my dear, I would not do that neither; but it is a very tender point to manage; if you are too reserved, then you are look'd on as a prude; if you are too forward, then you are a coquette. But you must keep discretion on one side, and a modest freedom on the other; and I make no doubt, if he is a man of sense, he will discover the inclination, and admire your prudence.

Miss Spright. O, my dear, if you were half so much in love as I am, all these ceremonial notions would vanish in an instant. I wish to see what a discreet lady you would make in such an affair, but we shall be too late. Now if you should happen to be taken in, at the assembly, I should be highly pleased, then I should be able to give advice in my turn.

SONG, by *Miss Worden.*

I.

*My mind's at ease, my heart is free
From love's perplexing pains;
My little heart shall shelter'd be,—
It shall not rove in vain;
Except I meet some gentle youth,
Whose heart is quite sincere,
Blest with love and constant truth,
And then I need not fear.*

II.

*You little god keep back your dart,
I'll of your arts beware;
For well I know you seek the heart,
Of ev'ry giddy fair.
If once you gain the mighty power,
We're sure to feel the smart;
And in some careless thoughtless hour,
You steal away our heart.*

Miss Word. No, my dear, I think to arm myself with a good resolution; though I really think the Colonel is exceedingly agreeable.

Miss Spright. O, then a fig for your resolution, for you are already half lost, when once it comes to the agreeable; for gentlemen of the army are dear bewitching creatures: we first think them agreeable, then charming, then lovely, then desirable, then every thing we wish, and that is the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

Col. Well, Johnson, I thought you never intended to return.

Johns. I beg ten thousand pardons for leaving you so long; I have been on business, and I called on an old friend, and there I met with a little, smart, sprightly girl, who quite delighted me; I don't know whether I am not taken in for a serious lover at last.

Col. Well, I am not a bit behind you, for I am quite lost and gone, and what is more I never desire to regain my liberty.

Johns. That is amazing indeed, and in this short time. I have heard much of the Canterbury beauties, but little thought You or I should fall a sacrifice to their charms, in so short a time. But who is this goddess you have seen in the Inn.

Col. Why, my dear boy, I have been long enough to know half the affairs of this city; to fall in love with one of the most beautiful girls you ever saw, and am to dance with her at the assembly to night.

Johns. Why, you astonish me, it is all a mystery.

Col. Aye, and I have got a partner for you too.

Johns. Sir, I am much obliged to you, but I wish you had left that part for me, for I positively won't dance with any body, but the lady I was charmed with this morning, if she be in the room.

Col. I dare say it is the very lady.

Johns. How is that possible, when you are a stranger, and know nothing about it.

Col. Why, is it not Miss Sprightly?

Johns. I am more and more astonished! Sure you must deal with some Familiar, for I have not communicated my thoughts to any; no, not even to the lady.

Col. Am I not right?

Johns. You are; but pray unfold this mystery, for I have seen nobody but my friend, this lady and one gentleman—one of the oddest mortals you ever saw!

Col. What, Mr. Faddle; well, then, honest Goodwine the Landlord, gave me all the information, he was the conjurer.

Johns. Well, but he knows nothing of me.

Col. You shall hear; as soon as you were gone, I chatted with the Landlord, where I got most of my intel-

ligence; I sent for Brown; I have been taking a walk in the Oaks with him, and there he introduced me to two agreeable ladies; one full of spirit and wit, the other as beautiful as an angel, she seemed rather on the reserve, but when she spoke—her voice was music itself, and each word shewed her modesty and sense; in short, I found her every thing that's amiable, every thing that's lovely. I felt the effect of her charms so much that I came home entirely her slave, and she only shall fix me for life.

Johns. A noble resolution; I think it would make a good novel, that we two ramblers should stumble on the blind god at once, and be taken captive before we saw our danger. Well, but who is this lady?

Col. Miss Worden. She is an heiress to a large fortune; but that's a trifle, for I declare, so much am I captivated with her, that were I master of thousands, and she not worth a shilling, I'd lay my person and fortune at her feet, and esteem myself the happiest of beings—would she accept my hand. She lives with her uncle and aunt, (an old maid and old bachelor), and Faddle is some kin to her. I think if we get acquainted with him, he will be of service to us.

Johns. He seemed very chatty to me, told me as I was a stranger, he would shew me any thing about the town; he has got a great many curiosities, and a charming garden, so he will suit our purpose well. But how came you to know any thing about Miss Sprightly? that's amazing!

Col. Why, these ladies in the course of conversation, asked me if Mr. Johnson was a friend of mine, so the other smiled and touched her elbow. I found you had been there, and I fancied they had been talking about you; so I hope that the lady has cast a favourable eye on you. They mentioned the assembly, and asked Brown if he should go; he told them if it was agreeable to me: I answered it would be exceedingly so, if the lady would favour me with her hand to dance, and that I had another friend if Miss Sprightly would do him the same honor.—So we have made a party,

Johns. Excellent! an assembly! the only place in the world; for what with soft speeches, and soft music, we cannot fail to gain the Fair.

[Exeunt
SCENE,

Enter Butler.

Butl. Now I'll have a little carousing to night, they are all gone to the assembly, old mistress, master, and all; and I will crack a bottle, that's pos. I wish John and Jane were not in the dumps, we would have rare fun, and get Faddle's footman here, for he takes off his master so droll, and is as active as a merry andrew. I'll persuade John to go out, for he is plaguy consciencious; or perhaps he won't make one among us.—

Enter Jane.

O, Jane, come here, I want to speak with you. Persuade John to go out, and we'll get your new sweet-heart here, Jemmy Jessamy, and a few more, and we'll have rare fun.—We shan't get rid of 'em all in a hurry again.

Jane. John is out, and I have engaged Jemmy Jessamy to come; I wou'd have engaged Jack Belt, and Jemmy Courage, for they are so clever since they have got into the volunteers.

Butl. I thought you could not bear 'em.

Jane. Aye, but they are quite another thing now; the military is the only school in the world for to polish a young fellow and make him complete.

Butl. Well, send for them, I believe I shall be one myself, as it's so improving.

Jane. Do, James, you'll look like a General, and all the girls would like you, for we like 'em almost as well as the regulars; and was you to see 'em of a Sunday, in their regimentals, their cock'd hats and silk stockings, you wou'd really think they were young officers.—I wish John was one,

Butl. I believe it would make but little alteration in him however.

Jane. You are mistaken, it would take off all that formality, for they are dear souls for the girls, and are charming and rakish. (knocking)

Enter Jemmy Jessamy, and two Volunteers.

Jane. Bless me, here they are.

Butl. Well, my lads, I am glad to see you all, I believe I shall make one among you. Come, here's a bottle of my master's best he's got in the cellar; here's a bumper to the cause.

Belt. There's nothing like courage, and spirit, my lads,

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lads, to serve our King and Country. I'm glad to find so many public spirited fellows.

Butl. I should not like to go abroad.

Cour. No fear of that my lads, we are to defend our own coast, in case of invasion, which I hardly think our enemies will venture on; but if they do, we'll give them a warm reception, and defend it to the last drop of blood we have in our veins. For what is so dear to us as our liberty and property? I hope this spirit will be carried on throughout the kingdom.

S O N G, by *Courage.*

I.

*If Frenchmen dare t'invade the land,
Then we'll join both heart and hand;
And make Monsieurs too late repent
Their ever meeting men of Kent,
Their ever meeting men of Kent.*

II.

*We'll let them see a Briton's spirit,
And give the Frenchmen what they merit.
Not all the arts that they invent,
Can ever frighten men of Kent,
Can ever frighten men of Kent.*

III.

*If French or Spaniards, dare contend,
We'll our rights and laws defend,
'Till the last drop of blood be spent.
This is the spirit of men of Kent,
This is the spirit of men of Kent.*

IV.

*With this spirit thus we join,
And those that like not our design,
To cast them out is our intent,
For ours are all true men of Kent,
For ours are all true men of Kent.*

Batl. I say let's all be of the party, for we are all true men of Kent.

Now another glass to the founder of the feast,
And we'll crack a bottle or two at least.

Jem. That's a very good rhyme.

Butl. Ay, and we'll do it if we have time,—but you are the poet, Jemmy, now give us something new, something extempore.

Jem.

Jem. I suppose you have heard of the ridiculous cry out of fire, at the Playhouse.

Butl. Heard it!—a very dreadful affair!

Jem. Well, come, I'll give you all the whole affair, As I and my Master, you may be sure, were there: You must know, the Play was but then just done, And each expecting of a little fun; As ghosts and goblins all were gone, The Entertainment just coming on; A trifling spark which would have done no harm, But trifles oftentimes give a great alarm; Some on the back seats cry'd out fir^e, But they saw no danger that sat nigher; This soon did cause a general fright, Which spoil'd the pleasure of the night; All in confusion, and in one minute, You'd think the house in flames, and all were in it; Some squeak'd and cry'd, one lost her shoe, Another a hat she bought quite new; Some lost their pattens, some their cloak, And, what of all did most provoke; Men lost their sweethearts, maids their beaux, And some prim ladies tore their cloaths; Some their cushions knock'd aside, And ladies almost lost their pride; For there was no distinction now, But to get out which way or how; Gentlemen though bold and stout, Left the ladies to scramble out; My Master too did stamp and stare, And though well dress'd, forgot his hair; And knock'd his head against another's poll, Which disconcerted all the whole; He left his tail, but never mind, He car'd not what he left behind; But now when reason could take place, Things soon wore a different face; Seeing Palmer once more on the stage, Their fears and frights did soon assuage; And this affair so much lamented, Ended well at last, and all contented.

Butl. Well said Jemmy, that's a good one (*knocking without*) zounds, they can't possibly be home already (*knocking*)

(knocking again) here run out this way. (They all run out with bottles and glasses, Butler seems to be asleep. Knocking again.)

Jane. Here run this way; go up in the Butler's room. And Jemmy slip my gown and coat on, and you shall pass for my sister.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Worden, Miss Worden, and Miss Sprightly.

Miss Word. sen. What, are you asleep, you dull headed creature? What do you mean by keeping me at the door so long? If you can't behave better, you shall leave your place; am I to be insulted in this manner? This comes of being too good to servants.

Mr. Word. Aye, Sister, he shall go, that's certain; for he has been impertinent a great while; but you would let him stay, and I leave every thing to you.

Miss Word. sen. Well, and 'tis right you should; don't I know best about the management of the house?

Mr. Word. Well, well, don't mind it, don't be cross now, you have just been in the height of all your pleasure.

Butl. Ay, now she has got on, none can stop her, faith she will manage us all; and if it was not for the young lady, I would not stay. — [Aside.

Miss Word. sen. What's that you are muttering, sirrah? — if I hear a word more, you shall strip, and out of my house immediately.

Mr. Word. I see she's in an ill-humour, and there will be no contradicting her (aside) Well, Sister, even act as you please. [Exit.

Butl. Yes Madam, as you please.

Miss Word. sen. Then strip, Sir, and begone.

Butl. I am a good mind to it, and make her ashamed of herself (aside) but it's too late — (pulls off his coat and waistcoat.)

Miss Word. sen. What do you mean, fellow, by putting me to the blush? I shall never survive this usage; I that have lived to these years, and never had my very thoughts tainted before.

Butl. Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons, I am sorry to offend so good a Mistress; I took a little nap first, thinking you would not come home so soon, and that I should be more wakeful when you returned, and to shew my

my duty, I did this indiscreetly as you bid me—that's all a lye by the bye.

[*Aside.*]

Miss Word. sen. What did you say, firrah?

Butl. Madam, I said you were a very good lady [*Exit.*]

Miss Word. sen. Why, all my servants will say that; but I make them keep a respectful distance (*to Miss Word. sen.*) My dear, I am just going to my dressing room, to compose myself a little; but pray don't let Miss Sprightly and you make it long, for I am in such a flustration, I am afraid I shall dream of this affair, [*Exit.*]

Miss Spright. I am glad he has served her so, for her ill nature in bringing us home so soon in the midst of all our pleasure; but what do you think of the Colonel now, my dear?—I hope you have kept your resolution.

Miss Word. I think he is a charming man, but as to resolution I don't know what to think—

Miss Spright. My dear, I'll tell you, you'll break it, which I shall not be sorry for; I hate to be alone even in love.

Miss Word. If I had my fortune in my own hands, I should tell you more of my mind, but you know my uncle, and aunt are miserable tempers.

Miss Spright. My dear, I see it all, your very looks discover it; but Mr. Johnson tells me, that the Colonel is a man of great fortune, a noble spirit, and that he is in love with you to the greatest degree, so I think you have nothing to fear.

Miss Word. I am far from thinking the Colonel has a mean spirit; but, my dear, a large fortune has great temptations in it. And you know, in general, it goes before any thing; if a gentleman is taken with one at first sight, yet a good fortune is a great weight in the scale of matrimony.—

Miss Spright. My dear, have done with all your *buts* and *ifs* and *ands*; now I'll tell you what I would do, if I liked him, and he liked me; if we did not come together I should wonder.—

Miss Word. Then Mr. Johnson won't find a hard task of it, however.

Miss Spright. No, not if I can help it, he shan't; he seems every thing I wish him to be; and if I am the same to him, we shall easily settle the matter.—

Miss Word. I am glad to think you are of so happy a disposition,

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disposition, I wish I was—but, my dear, my Aunt will think us long:—

Miss Spright. I am in love, my dear, it's certain, and yet can be merry, and am glad to see that your resolution's broke. I have no notion of putting on these little demure airs. Why should I wish to give pain to the only heart I so much wish to make happy? I would never break mine for any one; nor would I wish my lover to break his for me.—

Miss Word. Men can say a great many things, and mean very little; therefore you should not be too credulous.

Miss Spright. They may say many things with no meaning, but they'll never marry without meaning surely, and I should not look on him as a lover, 'till that is proposed. Come, let us go to bed, and dream of our lovers. [Exeunt.

Miss Worden sen. Enters as they go out.

Miss Word. sen. My dear, are you coming?—Jenny bring a light that I may go over the house, or I shall have no sleep.

Enter Jenny.

Why are you so long a coming; who have you got there?

Jenny. Only my sister, Madam, that came out of the country to-day, and goes away early in the morning.

Miss Word. sen. O, then she may sleep with you; is it she that wanted a place the other day?

Jenny. Yes, Madam.

Miss Word. sen. Bid her come in; I believe I shall want a Cook, (*Jenny goes out and returns immediately with Jessamy in women's cloaths*) she looks like a good hearty wench; can you cook, and work well, child; I believe I shall want a servant.—

Jem. I'll do my endeavour, (but I don't understand much cooking)—(*aside*) that is to get away as fast as I can.—I should like to wait on a lady; I could do many things that would please a lady, for that's all in my way; I have waited on two or three.

Miss Word. sen. You look very awkward, and not calculated to wait on a lady; but pray who were the ladies?

Jem. I waited on Miss Forward and Miss Loveill, and can do a great many things, if put to the trial, and if your maid should not suit you——

Miss

Miss Word. sen. No, child, you could not do for me, I am certain.—

Jem. No, I am pretty certain I should not, a young lady would suit me much better [Aside.

Miss Word. sen. Come, Jane, bring the light [Exit.

Jane. Do you stay, Sister, and I'll be down as soon as I have done with my Mistress. [Exit.

Jem. I wish from my soul I was in my own cloaths again; I believe it is the last time I shall go in petticoats; I am afraid the old lady mistrusted something; I thought she seemed to eye me; but then she would not have given me leave to sleep with Jenny, if I had but kept in my own cloaths, I had not cared.—

Enter Jenny.

Jane. Come Jemmy, I have got them all off, and now take off your petticoats as soon as possible, and get out of the house as fast as you can.—

Jem. My dear Jenny, don't you know that your mistress told me, I should stay and sleep with you 'till morning?

Jane. O, very fine indeed, but I don't intend any such thing.

Jem. Ah, but I do. (kisses Jenny)

Enter John.

John. O this is very fine, indeed; what you have got a petticoat lover. Oh, this is your prudence you boast so much of; Well, Miss Jessamy, you seem very finely metamorphosed; you both seem to love a little intrigue, and this petticoat becomes you very much.

Jem. I have took off my Master with a witness—I shall be finely laughed at. [Aside.

Jane. John, this is only a little frolick; so I beg you would not be ill natured upon it.—

John. No, not at all; it's a very pretty frolick for certain to see Mr. Jessamy in petticoats. I therefore shall let all the family have the pleasure of seeing your whimsical appearance as well as myself. James Lucy! (calling loud)

Jane. Dear John, pray John,—hear what I have to say. (John calling)

Enter James with lights, Mr. and Miss Worden sen. Miss Worden in confusion and half undressed.

Mr. Word. What has happened? What's the matter?

Miss

Miss Word. sen. What's all this fright about ; is the house on fire ? are there thieves, what is the matter ? tell me, I am frightened out of my wits !

John. The house is not on fire, nor are there thieves ; but Mrs Jenny has got a man in petticoats here, so no one can tell what might have happened before morning.

Mr. Word. The devil !—A man in petticoats ! out of the house you baggage, here's a piece of work with you.

Miss Word. sen. What is this your sister that wanted a place, you impudent.—O yes, he is quite accomplished to wait on a young lady truly ; you shall go out of my house this instant.

Jane. Madam, pray hear me speak and I will tell you the truth ; we only entertained this young man, who is James's acquaintance, and I was afraid you'd be angry ; so in order to get him out of the house undiscovered, I begg'd he would slip on my gown, and he was going out directly.

John. Madam, I heard him say he was to sleep here.

Miss Word. sen. O the inconsiderate, impudent slut ; I suppose there are half a score more of them ; but I'll search every place in the house.

Miss Word. Pray madam, don't be angry ; I dare say it was as Jenny says ; I don't think she would do a bad thing.

Miss Word. sen. Pray Miss hold your tongue ; I suppose I shall have a man in petticoats after you, if I suffer this.

Mr. Word. Zounds, Sister, argue dispassionately ; your heat of passion overcomes your reason ; but I'll soon settle this business. Here, John, shew this gentleman out, and if ever I see your *he-she* worship within these doors again, I'll have you set in the stocks.

Jem. Thank heaven I have escaped so well. [Exit.]

Mr. Word. As for you, madam, I'll enquire into the truth of this affair.—And now, Sister, let us see whether we can have any quiet,—Come, in, in, and John be sure you and James give a good look out ; for, rabbit me, if I liked Mr. Petticoats's looks. [Exeunt.]

END of ACT the SECOND.

ACT

D

BROWN.

WELL Colonel, how do you like the Assembly?

Col. O, I am all raptures and delight; if I had not lost my heart before, I should have stood no chance now; you have got a great many sweet girls, indeed.

Johns. I am of your opinion too; but how provoking to have those dear girls taken from us so soon by that old fellow; but I believe we made the best of our time.

Col. Indeed I believe we have; for they both pretty well know our design, and I think you need not fear being happy with Miss Sprightly. If I have the least penetration, that young lady has no great aversion to you.

Johns. We can both see for others, better than ourselves; I thought the same of Miss Worden.

Col. I wish you may not be out in your judgment; she is a deal more on the reserve; but when she speaks, it is with such a grace, such innocence,—in short, she is a delightful girl. I long till the morning comes to pay my devoirs to her, as I have a good excuse; but I find I must not apply to the uncle, for he has a great objection to her having any admirers.

Johns. I suppose he is afraid of her fortune going.

Col. I value not that so much; give me but the lady and I am happy. But I am sorry to see you so dull, Brown.

Brown. Can it be wondered at? Your raptures serve but to increase my melancholy, it brings my Isabella so much to my mind. The happy hours and pleasing thoughts we once enjoyed, in mutual tranquillity together; had I but her my spirits would be as great as any of yours; but while her fate is uncertain, happiness will be a strange within my breast.

Col. Come, let's to the tavern, and take a chearful glass to drown all melancholy; I hope you'll hear something yet.

The joys of love with others can't compare,—

And may we each be happy with our fair. [Ex.

Enter Mr. Worden, and Miss Worden, sen.

Mr. Word. I wish I had never gone to the Assembly; I have

have caught such a cold by pulling off my flannels, and putting on silk stockings. They seem like a wet napkin about my legs, and the thin silk waistcoat has given me an ague fit; but I'll never go again, take my word for it.

Miss Word. sen. No!—You have no taste for any thing genteel; you are never pleased unless you are among your butterflies, and shells, and medals, and mummies, and such trumpery; my niece would see little of politeness if it was not for me.—

Mr. Word. Well, you may be polite if you please, but you shan't get me there hobbling again, I'll warrant you, among so many gay sparks, who were ready to run over me; and I think it a great happiness I have returned without the loss of a limb. It was very well thirty or forty years ago—I have almost got my death by it.

Miss Word. sen. Why did you not take my advice, and put on your blue velvet, or bought new?

Mr. Word. Yes, that would have been very pretty indeed, they were made about thirty years ago. Which way was I to get into them? I should have look'd fit to hang up in a cherry tree, and be nick named, Master Johnny, with grey hairs, and gouty legs; but this is not all; I put myself to the expence of having my tye wig altered, half my buttons taken off my coat, and a pair of new pumps! fine expences, fine expences:—

Miss Word. sen. Ay, Brother, there's the thing that galls you.

Mr. Word. Not at all, not at all, I was never half so miserable as you; but I think we are doing very wrong to take our niece to all those public places, it will give her so much taste for amusement, and being a fine girl, and a good fortune, she won't fail to have many admirers, we shall bring temptation in her way, and then blame her for it; besides, sister, consider, away goes the fortune, which, with the interest, has supported you and me for these ten years; I therefore am determin'd she shall not go any more. I wonder you have got this gadding humour in your head.—

Miss Word. sen. I say she shall, if I please, go more than ever she did.

Mr. Word. Sister, I shall use my authority, I say she shall not; I know there will no good come of it.

Miss Word. sen. I will do what I please with my neice, and there can come no harm of it.

Mr. Word. That's more than you can tell; she is too charming a girl to have so much liberty.

Miss Word. sen. But every one is not such a rake as you, brother, I have not forgot your intrigues!

Mr. Word. No, no, not every one so fly as you, sister; remember Capt. Flam for that, remember Capt. Flam!

Miss Word. sen. I am sure I always kept myself to myself.

Mr. Word. Aye, but it was violently against your inclination; because there were none kind enough to try you.

Miss Word. sen. It was always my inclination to live single.

Mr. Word. And you found it no hard matter to keep your resolution, as your lovers were not very pressing, I believe.

Miss Word. sen. Brother, few are endowed with the patience I am; you are exceedingly affronting; but don't put me in a passion; don't provoke me, lest I should expose you; I have not forgot your intrigues with my mother's maid, and now it's out,—

Mr. Word. Well, now I hope you have eased your mind—to be sure there was a little affair between us, but what of that? No novelty, I'm sure; nothing but what many gentlemen do, and think nothing of it. Why, if I had an intrigue with the girl, I provided well for her; besides, I gave John fifty pounds to make an honest woman of her, and there's many gentlemen would not have done that. But, sister, don't provoke me, I say, as I may not have quite the patience you have; but as your memory is so good, I believe there are some little affairs with you too, that would be quite as well if they were forgot, which I believe you will be troubled to blot out, as you recollect things for so long a time past.—

Miss Word. sen. Brother, What do you mean? What can you tax me with? I was always a pattern to my acquaintance for prudence, discretion, and virtue. My honor was always dear to me, and never tainted with folly. I wonder what you can mean; it's mere spite.

Mr. Word. (*lifts up his hands.*) O dear, O dear, a very fine speech indeed, if true!—You have a very fine memory

memory, but are very dull of apprehension. Look-ye, sister, though you may put it off now, I know you have a monitor within that tells you, you have told a very great falsity. If you were a pattern for your acquaintance, it was to learn from *your* follies to act better themselves; if you were prudent, it was to conceal your indiscretion; and your honor was dear to you, I believe, for I think it must have cost you a great deal.

Miss Word. sen. Brother, this is not to be borne, I dare you to say your worst.

Mr. Word. You know Faddle had a father, Who was he?

Miss Word. sen. Why, Mr. Faddle, to be sure.

Mr. Word. No, no, sister, it was Capt. Flam; but as it is a fiddle faddle affair, the less said about it the better; and now 'tis out, as you said;—yes, yes, you know 'twas Capt. Flam. [Exit.

Miss Word. sen. Where could he get this intelligence; he must certainly have seen some of my letters. This is dreadful, and I know not how to bear it. [Exit.

SCENE, a Parlour.—*Miss Worden discovered.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, Colonel Bloom.

Miss Word. Shew him up.

[Exit Serv.

Enter Colonel.

Col. Madam, I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well, after last night's agreeable amusement. I hope you caught no cold.

Miss Word. Sir, I am much obliged to you; I did not. I hope you got no cold neither.

Col. No, madam, not in the least; but it was cruel to be robbed of the pleasure of your good company so soon, just in the midst of the most happy moment I ever passed. But, dear lady, have you considered of what I said; give me but hopes, or pronounce me wretched; on you only I place all my future happiness; I must not, cannot be denied.

Miss Word. You know how I am circumstanced. My uncle is my guardian, and I fear you'll find the task exceeding hard.

Col. And do you fear this? On my knees I thank you; no task is hard to one that loves as I do. Give me but—

Enter Miss Worden the Elder.

Your servant, madam——

Miss Word. sen. Your servant, Sir, you seem'd to be in a very humble posture truly, Sir; I think you take great liberties, and a stranger. I must know the meaning of all this: and as to you, Miss, it is not what I expected after the prudent lessons that I gave you.

Miss Word. jun. Madam, hear me but speak——

Miss Word. sen. The sight is sufficient, it needs very little explanation.

Miss Worden, jun. Dear, madam, hear me but speak. This visit is intended for you, and the gentleman wanted to make me his advocate; but now, madam, he can give you a better explanation.

Col. (aside.) Let a woman alone for invention; What I'm to court the old woman I suppose?—Madam, I hope you'll excuse the presumption,——What shall I say to to her? (*aside*) but if I find not Miss Worden favourable to my wish, then I am the most wretched of Mortals. There is no lye in that I am sure. (*aside*.)

Miss Word. sen. That, Sir, is entirely in my breast, to do as I will with Miss Worden.

Col. Madam, I own I am presumptuous, but without your favour I must be miserable; bestow on me but that and make me truly happy.

Miss Word. sen. I don't know, I seem hardly to understand him (*aside*). Who is it you are speaking of, me or my niece?

Col. Madam, seeing me languish thus, you cannot mistake the person.

Miss Word. sen. Sir,—I must confess I am a little flurried;—Sir, I hope you will excuse me, as I did not suppose this honour was meant to me.

Col. (kneels.) Madam——

Miss Word. sen. Sir, I beg you would not kneel, I would consent to any thing rather than see you so affected. Pray rise, Sir; I should like that this affair be kept a secret to all but my niece, as she knows, and she is a very good prudent girl, though she is but young.

Col. Madam, to be sure, if you desire it.

Miss Word. sen. But pray, Sir, where did you take a liking to me?

Col. Madam, when you were at the assembly.

Enter

Enter Mr. Faddle.

Fadd. How do you do, Aunt?

Miss Word. sen. Sir, I think you might have sent your name up.

Fadd. I did not think of standing on ceremony.

Miss Word. sen. I beg you would think of standing on good manners when I have company.

Col. Madam, with your permission, I'll take another opportunity; I wish you a good morning. — A most happy deliverance. (*aside.*) [Exit.

Fadd. Madam, I should not have waited on you, if I had not business with you; I therefore, like the Colonel, shall take another opportunity, and now humbly beg permission to take my leave; and am, with the greatest humility, and respect, your most obedient, most devoted, and very humble servant. [Exit.

Miss Word. sen. I wish he had been a thousand miles off before he had interrupted me in so sweet and melting a discourse; I declare I was never so charm'd with any man in my life. Well, I'll never go in public without a little carmine on my face, for it is very necessary; I dare say he did not think me above five-and-twenty; I certainly am like my niece, but her being so *very* young she is not of that consequence; and I have greatly her air too, and though I say it, she is a charming girl: This gentleman shews his sense not to fall in love with a tit of a girl. My charms are not quite gone, that's plain, but he chuses rather a woman of sense that she may grace him when he is in company. Well, I must say the Colonel's lady has an elegant sound; and the next time I go to the assembly, the servants will say, "call Colonel Bloom's servant, bring the chair for the Colonel's lady." I declare I find myself a new creature at the bare idea of it. And old Capt. Flam will see that I have charms to captivate a young lover, though he slighted me: It's plain the bloom is not yet off my cheeks, and Faddle took my niece's picture for mine the other day.

[*Going off* sees Miss Worden.
My dear, you look as if you had been crying.

Miss Word. Madam, you speak so very harsh, and you know nothing makes me so unhappy, as seeing you displeased; you might be sure I should not listen to any gentleman, without your knowledge. —

Miss

Miss Word. sen. I hope not, my dear; but seeing a gentleman in that posture, and not knowing the meaning of it, a little disconcerted me; but, my dear, as you know the affair, I want to ask your advice.—

Miss Word. It is a very nice point to give advice in, when you know my inexperience. Besides, Madam, none can be so good a judge as yourself; you know if the gentleman is agreeable, and whether you can make yourself happy with him.—

Miss Word. sen. Why, my dear, he is certainly agreeable; did you not think so last night?

Miss Word. That's a close question (*aside*) he seemed exceedingly pleasing in the dance. I thought he was rather too free for a stranger, but now I see he had a meaning in it.

Miss Word. sen. O yes, my dear, he is certainly a man of sense; he would not have flattered me in the Assembly Room; I like his contrivance much, and should wish it to be quite a secret to every body but you, and, I shall let my brother know it in proper time. I should wish he would not be much seen here 'till things are settled; I might be blamed.

Miss Word. Blamed, Madam, to make yourself happy! you'll be envied; if you like it, he shall pass for my lover.

Miss Word. sen. O, no, no, on no account; it would alarm your uncle; there must be a little art used in these love affairs.—Besides, it's not impossible but she would make an impression on him. [*Aside.*]

Miss Word. Then you have had a great many of those affairs; there was Mr. Meeklove, and Captain Flam, I have heard you speak of.

Miss Word. sen. Aye, and many more, Mr. Meeklove, was the most modest man I ever knew; I received his addresses two years, and he never offered to salute me but once in his life; he was too modest, if there can be a fault in modesty; but Captain Flam was an audacious mortal; but it will take you too long to give you a description of all my lovers. I have a mind to go and look over my jewels; will you attend me to my dressing room?

Miss Word. By all means, Madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE the Inn, Colonel Bloom writing—Rings a hand

Bell.

Enter Boy.

Col. My lad, do you know Mr. Worden's? *Boy.*

Boy. Yes, Sir, my father lives gardener there.

Col. Then you know the family well!

Boy. Yes, Sir, there are Mr. Worden, Mrs. Worden and young Miss Worden, a sweet young lady indeed.

Col. Take this letter, but be careful to deliver it to Miss Worden herself, and be sure wait for an answer. There *(gives him money.)*

Boy. O yes, Sir, I will be sure to deliver it safe. *[Exit.]*

Enter Johnson.

Johns. Well, Bloom, have you sent your letter?

Col. Yes, and very fortunately, the boy's father lives in the house, so now I hope I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing her; I have desired him to wait for an answer.

Johns. But you won't wait for it; she may not write immediately, and we may wait a great while. I am as impatient to see Miss Sprightly, as you are Miss Worden; and you know we are to dine with Brown.

Col. I make no doubt of it; but I shall have no peace till the boy comes back.

Johns. Then to pass the time, let us first take a walk to my friend, and leave word we shall be at Brown's, then the boy will come to you, and we shall be doing some business.

Col. Come, then let's to Brown's first. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE Mr. Worden's. *Enter Miss Worden sen. with a Letter*

A letter from the Colonel, he is a dear enchanting man *(seems to read)*, he has found out the only way in the world to win my heart; he's a foldier and a man of spirit; I hate a whining lover; it's hateful to drop into a lover's arms without the least persuasion; O he is just to my taste!—"My dearest angel"; how soft, how sweet his stile is! "how unfortunate that I should be broke in upon in the most precious moments I e'er enjoyed"—I am sure I thought so too—"O, that I had an opportunity to lay open my whole soul before you, my dearest, lovely charmer!"—with what sensibility he writes!—"I am on the rack while I am debarred the pleasure of seeing you"—it was certainly cruel in me, to desire him to keep away from the house—"if not convenient at your own house, give me a line, and some hopes that I am not altogether disagreeable to you"—far from that, I am sure—"favour me with an interview, that I may convince my charmer, that

that my passion is pure, and never will end but in death" — Oh, I must give him an interview; it would be cruel in me if I did not; I make no doubt of his passion, or he would not have wrote so feelingly. — "My soul is wrapt up in my lovely, dear Miss Worden; at present, I can only say I am your disconsolate lover". — But you shall not be so long, for I will reward your love. I'll write immediately; I can't keep him longer in pain — here comes my niece, I have a great mind to show her the letter.

Enter Miss Worden.

My dear, I have a letter from the Colonel, you may read it, if you please —

Miss Word. Madam, I would not wish to pry into any secrets.

Miss Word. sen. My dear, you know I have made you my intire confidant; pray read, and then I shall answer it immediately. (*Gives her the letter, and Miss Worden reads it.*) Well, my dear, what do you think of the Colonel now?

Miss Word. I think, Madam, he is very much of the gentleman, as well as the lover. —

Miss Word. sen. You see he mentions an interview; I think I ought to see him by all means. I am sure I would give him leave to come here.

Miss Word. I think it would be better in the garden; you see I tell you every thing for the best.

Miss Word. sen. Just as you think proper; but I should write immediately, which I shall certainly do.

SONG.

Oh! how delightful, how charming and clever,

To be thus beloved by a handsome young man;

My heart it feels sure, I think as did never,

I find that I love him, do all that I can.

I'll send him a line, 'twill give him such spirit,

A lover like him, I think should inherit

My fortune, as he is a man of such merit,

He singles me out, and he is the man.

[*Exit*

Miss Word. And is it possible my aunt can be so weak? — How lucky is it she shew'd it me! I may perhaps have an opportunity of seeing him too, then alas! poor aunt, how you'll be deceived! [*Exit.*

SCENE, Mr. Brown's House. — Brown discovered.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Colonel Bloom, and another gentleman, Sir.

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Brown. Desire them to walk in. [Exit Servant.]

Enter Colonel Bloom and Johnson.

Your most obedient Colonel; ha! Johnson? I thought, Colonel, I should have seen you before. I have done well to introduce you to the ladies, and now you are so taken up with them, that there's no seeing you —

Col. You must excuse me; you know I always give up every thing to the ladies.

Johns. I think you have a great right to it Colonel; for the ladies always give the preference to gentlemen of your cloth.

Brown. By this time, I suppose, you have pretty near compleated your amour.

Col. No, indeed; I believe I shall find it a very difficult task to manage my point.

Brown. How's that; you used to be very successful; I think the lady did not seem cruelly disposed. I imagine you think it will be a difficult matter to get possession of her fortune.

Col. No, that's the least of my thoughts; I wish I had nothing else to encounter; for my regard for the lady is so great, that it shall be no obstacle with me.

Johns. But, Colonel, a good fortune is a very good ingredient in matrimony; where there's love enough without it, I dare say you will not give up the lady for the sake of her fortune.

Col. No, nor for all the world besides. — Have her I must, I shall not be happy, till that is compleated.

Brown. I can't think that can be such a difficult point.

Col. O, the hardest I ever met with; I am almost afraid I shall fail in the attempt; why it's courting an old woman.

Brown and Johns. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. Why, you must know, that I paid her a visit this morning, and having a fine opportunity, I was laying my whole heart open to her, on my knees; the old lady came in unawares, and I never was so embarrassed in my life. For once I blushed, but the young lady recollected herself in an instant, and with all the composure in the world, told her aunt, that I came to pay my addresses to *her*, and wanted her to be my advocate; she left us in an instant, and I made a very poor figure with the old Dutchess. —

Brown. Droll, indeed! — I think you had a task.

Ces.

Col. Why, it's the first time I ever made love to a pair of old withered cheeks, and it sat very awkward on me. I did not forget to kneel to her, as she found me in that posture, which made such an impression on the old neglected virgin, that I thought she would have saluted me; I don't know how I should have kept on, for I found the old maiden had caught the infection. She primm'd and simpered, and was drawing up all her charms to compleat the supposed conquest she had made, when one Mr. Faddle came in, which was a good opportunity of releasing me from my confinement; she seem'd very angry that he put an end to the visit, and I never was better pleas'd in my life to get out of her clutches.—

Johns. I think you are not in so bad a condition neither, I am sure the young lady has no objection; as she had left you to make an excuse for yourself, she could not have given you greater encouragement.

Brown. I think this will be a fine opportunity for you to see her; indeed, I think you'll not have such a hard task of it, unless the old lady should be too surfeiting with her fondness. She'll be finely disappointed by and by; but that's a charming excuse. You can go to the house when you please.—

Col. That's one of my troubles; for she desires that the affair may be private, and would not have me come to the house, 'till every thing is settled. She sees that her niece has charms, and she is afraid I shall find the effect of them. Besides, I have no great inclination to compliment my old charmer; I must contrive to see the young lady, as she has, no doubt form'd some scheme.

Brown. O, you must see the old lady too, or she'll suspect something; and though she has desired you to keep from the house, it's only her virgin coyness, you may be sure. I suppose she has not had a lover these forty years, and her modesty you ought to consider.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Johns. Well, I think you have all the game in your own hands.

Brown. Well, Sir, but now as to your affair with Miss Sprightly; I saw you very much engaged with that young lady, and I believe you and your friend, are very near alike, in love's career.

Johns. I only think Miss Sprightly the most agreeable lady

lady to my taste, I ever met with, and the family has behaved very genteelly to me ; so I hope, I shall not have so many difficulties to go through, and the young lady seems not to have the least affectation in her ; no prudery, quite open hearted, and I dare say, she would not make any scruple of letting me see it, if I had made the least impression on her, which certainly would be the utmost of my wish. There was an old gentleman there, that seemed to eye me very much, and I thought seemed to cast some amorous glances at Miss Sprightly. —

Brown. I don't wonder, Sir, you see him with a lover's eye ; I dare say it was Sir William Stanley, he has a little cast in one eye.

Johns. Yes, I think he had a cast with both I did not like.

Brown. I have heard that young lady is a great favorite of his ; but I believe you need not fear any thing from that quarter ; he is exceeding rich, but an old husband would be but of little temptation to one of her lively spirit, she'll never give up a young lover for an old one. I wish I had as much reason to be happy.

Johns. Sir, I hope you won't have always reason to complain ; our affairs are but new, your's is of long standing. We know not what trials we have to go through.

Col. Suppose we take a walk in the Oaks ; we may chance to meet the ladies.

Brown. With all my heart, we shall not dine this hour or two.

Col. I can neither eat, drink or sleep, 'till I have seen her.

*Well, then let's go, that I my fate may try,
For nothing sure will put a lover by.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *an Inn.*

Colonel, Brown, and Johnson discovered.

Enter WAITER.

SIR, here's a lad to speak with Colonel Bloom.

Col. Send him in.

E

Enter

Enter Boy, and gives Colonel a letter.

Col. Did you see the lady yourself, and deliver the letter into her own hands?

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Col. What did she say, pray?

Boy. She opened it in a minute, and smiled; I never saw her look so good humoured in my life. She gave me a shilling and bid me wait in the garden with my father, while she wrote an answer, and told me if I should bring her any more letters, always to give them into her own hands, and she would be sure to give me a shilling.

Col. That looks well however (*aside*), Wait a little, boy.

Boy. Yes, Sir.

Col. (*Reads, and stamps about the stage.*) What a blunder you have made here. Why, you have given the letter to the old woman, instead of the young lady.

Johns. and Brown. Ha, ha, ha!

Boy. Sir, I told my father I thought you meant the young lady; but he said you could not mean her, because you directed to Miss Worden; and they call the young lady Miss Cœlia Worden for distinction, though they are both named Cœlia too, and so I told my father; but he said he knew no gentleman could be guilty of such a mistake.

Col. You dog, you have made a most horrid blunder; but wait without. I may chance to want you again; I suppose you won't make a second.

Boy. No, that I am sure I won't.—I wondered the old woman look'd so pleased. (*aside*) [Exit.

Brown. This is excellent; but let us hear the old Duchess's letter. I hope you have courted her in character; what can you have wrote that the old lady should swallow it down so? ha, ha, ha!

Col. A very loving epistle, I assure you. I find flattery is the prevailing argument in love; particularly to old ladies, for though

They view themselves each day,

They ne'er believe their charms decay.

But for this kind epistle.—(*Reads*) Sir, I must confess, as well as you, I thought it very unfortunate that we should be disturbed in so interesting a moment; but I beg, dear Sir, you would not too sensibly feel on the occasion. My heart is too tender to give pain to the only one I wish to make happy. I

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am sure, Sir, your passion must be pure ; for your persuasive epistle seems to convey the dictates of a sincere heart : I should like to have an interview with you in the evening ; and will let you in at the garden gate, which is just by the house, at the right hand—there, Sir, you will meet one that is your sincere friend,

COELIA WORDEN.

Ha, ha, ha!

Johns. and Brown. Ha, ha, ha!

Brown. But what do you purpose doing; will you do honour to the assignation?

Col. Why, faith, I am quite at a loss; but come, let's take a walk! perhaps fortune may throw the young one in my way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE. A Street.

Enter Colonel disguised like a Ballad Singer.

Colonel Sings.

S O N G.

I.

O, could I see my charming fair,

My way she'd then direct;

Before the Aunt I can't appear,—

Tho' she doth me expect.

II.

I'll strol about, perhaps, by chance,

My fair may come this way;

But stop, I hear, some one advance,

Now love direct my way.

Miss Worden looks out of the Window.

Colonel Sings.

S O N G.

Lovely charmer of my heart,

Come and ease a Lover's pain;

I own your power—feel the dart,

And yet with pleasure hug my chain.

Jenny. Lord, Madam, it is a sweet song about love; pray come and hear it.

Colonel Sings again.

O, how I adore the spotless fair,

I'm all in raptures, when she's by.

A thousand charms are center'd there,

And love looks smiling in her eye.

Miss Word. Come, let me have one of your ballads master; you don't look like a common ballad singer.

Col. No, madam, it was a love affair that brought me to this.

Miss Word. For my part I think all the world's in love, if ballad singers fall in love.——

Col. Madam, while there is such a face as yours, kings and beggars will be slaves to love, and hug their chains.

Miss Word. Sure it's the voice of——

Col. Ay, it is him himself.

Miss Word. (*Squeaks out.*) O, heavens!

Enter Miss Worden the Elder.

Miss Word, sen. What's the matter?

Miss Word. There, there,——(*pointing*)——what have I seen!

Miss Word, sen. What have you seen?

Miss Word. Oh, Oh! madam, I have seen my uncle Charles.

Miss Word, sen. You frighten me——what does this fellow do here singing? I don't like to see such fellows about the house——go about your business. (*They lead Miss Worden out. She groans.*)

[*Exeunt all but the Colonel.*]

Col. I think I have made a pretty piece of work on it; but I must try some other way; I must see her before I meet her aunt again. How unfortunate to be again surprized.

[*Exit.*]

Miss Worden discovered.

Miss Word. My dear Miss Sprightly——

Enter Miss Sprightly.

You are come in a lucky time. I have a deal to tell you.

Miss Spright. Well, but have you seen the Colonel?

Miss Word. Yes, my dear, and he has been paying his addresses to another lady.

Miss Spright. Psha, psha, how you talk.

Miss Word. Why, my dear, I had it from the lady's own mouth.

Miss Spright. I'm astonished! but pray who is this happy lady?

Miss Word. No less a lady than my aunt, my dear, ha, ha, ha!

Miss Spright. But this is some of your tricks; pray explain it.

Miss

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Miss Word. Why, you must know, she came in unawares: he was on his knees, to me, in the greatest raptures, which so flurried me, that I did not know what to do. I immediately told my aunt, he wanted to make me his advocate, and he took the hint;—so I fairly got myself out of the scrape, and left him to court my aunt: and she is so delighted, that you can't imagine, she's all spirit and good humour ever since.

Miss Spright. I suppose this was the discretion you were telling me of; to take good care not to be found out. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Word. But I was not so good a judge then as I am now; besides, there was a case of necessity.

Miss Spright. And, my dear, there will always be necessity to shew our love, when we cannot help it.

Miss Word. But I have got something more to tell you. Since that he has been here disguised like a ballad singer, and Jenny called me down to see him: and judge of my surprize when he discovered himself; I screamed out which alarmed my aunt, and I was obliged to say that I had seen my uncle Charles, and the affair went off. But I had the mortification of not changing a word with him. Now I am very unfortunate. My aunt does not desire that he shall pay his visits here, but intends a private meeting somewhere, as she is very fond of intrigue,—but I hope to disappoint her.

Miss Spright. I make no doubt of it. Oh! my stars, what a ridiculous figure must she make with her young lover! ha, ha, ha! But I see you are never at a loss to make an excuse for your swain, however. He'll soon see your inclination; but remember a little discretion, my dear. You never think of my lover: I have had Mr. Johnson to see me two or three times—he's quite a favourite at our house. Oh! my dear, my affairs go on at a fine rate; he's the best companion you ever met with, and not only I, but the whole house are in love with him.

Miss Word. Then you must have him; for you're such a friend to the muses, so you'll never want company.

Miss Spright. Your's, my dear, will ever be an additional pleasure.

J. Word. Oh, here comes Mr. Faddle.

Enter Mr. Faddle.

Fadd. Ladies, I hope I don't interrupt you, as I did my aunt yesterday.

Miss Spright. Oh, Mr. Faddle, I am very glad to see you. I have not had that pleasure since the night the alarm of fire was at our theatre.

Fadd. No, madam; I have been so exceedingly agitated ever since, I thought I should never have been able to survive it, it discomposed my whole frame; and what with the fright, and what with the insults and barbarism of the rabble in getting down stairs, I have been in a continual twitter ever since: and you must know ladies, in the fright, I lost my sweet little box, in which I kept my lip salve, and which was given me by the countess De Mond.

Miss Word. But I hear you behaved very ungenteely to the ladies, and left them to get out as they could.

Fadd. Why, my dear ladies, I'll tell you how it was. There were Miss Lappet, Miss Tiptoe, Miss Jenny Sprig, many more young ladies and your humble, in the same box. Now, how was it possible I should release them all? so that they might all agree, I got out myself: thinking I was a person of consequence, the rabble would have made way for me, then you know they might have followed. But, dear me, they behaved so exceedingly rude that I thought my dear little heart would have been squeezed out of my body. I was, for all the world, as if I was screwed up in a coffee-mill; one stamped on the calf of my leg, another tore off the flap of my coat, another dirtied all my shoulder; one trod my shoes down at heel, while another kicked them off; and my poor head they beat in such a manner, that I am scarce able to hold it up. I lost all my wool, pins, and powder; in short, I looked like a frightened owl. I lost my hat, and clapt my handkerchief over my head (just as I do now) and as I ran, the mob cried out, "O! Miss Faddle's safe, however." I was so mad that they should take me for a lady, that, split me, if I had not a great mind to sacrifice a score of them to my fury.—My cloaths, ladies, were entirely spoiled.

Miss Word. Not those you wore at the last assembly!

Fadd. The very same. They were made by an Italian who works for the Nobility, and finished in the greatest
taste

taste.—The ladies, I believe, allow me exquisite taste in dress. (*conceitedly.*)

Miss Spright. No body more so than Mr. Faddle, and you are always in the pink of the mode.

Fadd. He, he, he! madam, I have a great veneration for dress, for one is nothing without it, among the ladies. I fear Miss Tittup will wait for her work-bag, and the patterns of tambour I promised her.—So, ladies, with permission, I take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Miss Spright. Poor Faddle, what a busy fool it is! Suppose we go in the garden; perhaps we shall see this lover of yours; I don't imagine he is gone far.

Miss Word. With all my heart, my dear.—O, well may Ovid say that love is full of tender anxieties, doubts, and tears. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Worden's House.—Colonel disguised.

Enter Jenny.

Jenn. That looks like a fortune-teller. I'll go and see.

Crosses the Stage and returns with the Footman.

Jenn. Master, what do you want?

Col. Do you want your fortune told?

Jane. Yes, if you can tell true. Pray come in and tell me all you can.

Col. (*looks in her hand.*) Why, you have had several lovers, and one that slights you exceedingly; and I don't think you'll marry at all.

Jane. That's very hard indeed! what can be the meaning of it, can you tell me?

Col. Why, perhaps you may take it ill; but I must tell you the truth—you are too fond of your lovers, and have too many of them.

Jane. I am sure that some have try'd to deceive me, which they ought not to have done, if they did not intend to marry me.

Col. Neither would they, if they intended to make you a wife, you may depend on it. If a man behaves improperly, he has no good design; a man that forfeits his honour in one thing, will in another; a woman ought always to be on her guard against such a man.

Jane. I'll go and call my fellow servant, Lucy. [*Exit. and returns immediately with Lucy*] Come, pray have your fortune told, for he tells very true, indeed.

Col. (*starts.*) I should like to speak to you alone! (*to Lucy.*) *Lucy.*

Lucy. Oh, it's no matter!

Col. Bless me, pretty mistress, there is something very expressive in your countenance that bespeaks variety of fortune; you are a long way from home, and left a good family, to travel in an unknown country, away from all your friends, to seek a lover; is not this true?

Lucy. (*pensive and weeps.*) Yes, too true, to my sorrow.

Col. Weep not, mistress, there's good fortune yet awaits you. You will hear from him before you sleep; and before you see another week you shall behold him as fond as ever and shall be mutually happy, with each other, in the full enjoyment of your virtuous wishes.

Jane. Well, I declare, I'll go and call my young lady, and Miss Sprightly. [Exit Jane.]

Col. You seem very dull, dry up your tears; you may depend upon it, I have told you nothing but the truth.

Lucy. I wish I may find it so.

Enter Miss Worden, Miss Sprightly and Jenny.

Jane. Lord, Madam, he tells you as true as the day.

Miss Spright. Pray tell me, master; shall I be married soon?

Col. Very soon, madam, if you like.

Miss Spright. Oh, then I have it all in my own power; that's just what I wanted to know. Pray, can you tell me the gentleman's name? and what sort of a person he is? come, give me a description of him!

Col. Madam, you have been but a short time acquainted with him; he's rather a tall gentleman, and his name begins with an J. He adores you, has been within these six hours in your company, and I believe he is not disagreeable to you.

Miss Spright. Well, my dear, what think you now?

Miss Word. Why, I am not fond of fortune tellers; I have but little faith in them.

Miss Spright. Come, you shall have your fortune told.

Miss Word. Well, master, you must tell me nothing but the truth.

Col. Madam, there's a gentleman who has not been long acquainted with you; he is exceedingly unhappy that he can't see you, and is trying a thousand ways, to get that opportunity; he has lately met with a disappointment in your company, when he thought of un-

fold.

folding his whole heart to you. He's miserable till he can have the happiness of speaking to you.

Miss Spright. What do you think of him now?

Miss Word. Why, these people get strange sort of intelligence; but I have a very slender opinion of their art.

Col. Madam, have you an inclination to see the gentleman?

Miss Spright. O, by all means.

Miss Word. I believe that's past your art.

Col. Then behold him at your feet.

Miss Word. (*Shrinks out.*) O, heavens! oh!

Enter Miss Worden, sen.

Miss Word. sen. Bless me! what's the matter, girls; I'm alarmed?

Miss Word. O, my uncle, with a long bag in his hand.

Miss Spright. Madam, she has certainly seen a spirit!

Miss Word. sen. But who is this man?

Miss Spright. Madam, we were foolish enough to have our fortunes told, and he has told Lucy a great many truths.

Miss Word. sen. I am sorry you should suffer the fellow to come into the house; lead her, Miss Sprightly, to her own chamber. [*Exeunt Miss Sprightly & Miss Worden.*]

Miss Word. sen. I am greatly alarmed (*aside*). Pray, friend, do you understand telling of fortunes; what has frightened the young lady? can you inform me?

Col. Yes, Madam, she has seen a spirit, and she'll see it a great many times more, if something is not done, to put a stop to the affair.

Miss Word. sen. Oh, I am frightened; I am afraid all will be known. [*Aside.*]

Col. Pray, Madam, look within your own conscience; ask the secret dictates of your own heart, and they will inform you whether she has not been defrauded of some money; I know she has, and, 'till ample restitution is made her, she will continually see this spirit; for it will haunt her in all public places, and the whole affair will become known to the world, unless you put a stop to it.

Miss Word. sen. Good, Mr. Fortune-teller, what must be done?

Col. Why, though I know the transaction, yet relate to me the whole, and I'll tell you what you ought to do, that she may never know how she has been used. All the writings

writings of the estate left by her uncle Charles, must be conveyed to her; you have some other things of value; have you not?

Miss Word. sen. There are some diamonds of her mother's; but I never made use of them.

Col. Well, let the diamonds and writings be put together in some private place; send your niece to me, and tell her, I will lay the spirit, so that she'll never see it again, and then I'll inform her, where she may find them. It was very fortunate for you, that you came in first, for had I told her fortune, you could not have shewn your face out of doors; but now all this may be prevented with care.

Miss Word. sen. I'm sure I will pay you handsomely; but my brother is most to blame.

Col. I know who was most to blame; but that's nothing.

Miss Word. sen. I'll put the writings in a small box, and set it in the closet by her bedside, as soon as possible. So you may give her directions where they may be found, and I'll go and convey them there.

Col. I have another secret to tell you. You'll do well to mind all my directions; you have a young lover who is very rich, and very earnest to marry you, so that you'll lose nothing by doing justice to this much injured young lady; he'll make you a good settlement; I would have you advise with your brother, and get him to give his consent in writing, that you shall have this gentleman, and all your fortune delivered up on the day of marriage, (as there's a will, he knows nothing of at present, by which if you marry without his consent, you lose a considerable moiety of your fortune.) This will come out by and by, therefore you must do it with secrecy.

Miss Word. sen. You may be sure that I shall mind your directions.

Col. You must not let your brother know any thing of your niece's seeing the spirit; I have my reasons for it, he being of so miserable a temper, he would not give them up till they became public talk. Your niece shall not own she has got them, 'till all is settled to your mind.—

Miss Word. sen. Good, Sir; you may depend on it.— I'll send her to you immediately.— [Exit.

Col.

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Col. Now I think, I have been conjurer to some purpose ; I hope the charm won't break 'till I have done.

Enter Miss Worden.

Col. And now, my dear Miss Worden, I intreat you to make me happy ; I have had the good fortune (from hints, when I first came to town, that you have been cheated of ten thousand pounds ;) by putting on this disguise to get the secret out of your aunt, she will place the writings in a little box in the closet by your bedside with the jewels, that were your mother's. She has likewise promised to get his consent in writing to our marriage from under the hand of her brother, as you are both of one name ; they'll find their mistake, when it's too late. My dearest angel will you compleat my happiness ?

Miss Word. Oh, Sir, it's impossible for me to deny my heart and fortune, to one that has so good a right to it.

Col. Now, indeed I'm blest, oh ! my dear Miss Worden, this is the happiest moment I have e'er experienced, and every hour of my life shall be to repay the obligation

*Like other fortune-tellers, some lies I have told,
With some plain truth, that they might firmly hold ;
Trifling accidents will soon deceive,
For what we wish, too easy we believe ;
For sure no man can tell another's fate,
He gets his skill by other's talk, and prate ;
Thus silly maids too easy have believ'd,
And find too late, that they have been deceiv'd ;
Go Ghosts, and Goblins, neither will afright ;
A mind that's pure, where ev'ry thing is right ;
But guilty minds, will always find a terror,
And shadows oft make men confess their error.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Garden—Miss Sprightly discovered in a garden chair.—*Writing in her pocket-book.*

Miss Spright. O, how delightful is this shady grove, for those in love a sweet retirement ! here let me contemplate on the charms of that youth, who has inspired my soul with a most generous passion.—

SONG.

*O, how delightful is the grove,
From all the busy world retire ;
The only place for those in love,
The God alone shall me inspire.*

H.

O could I see that lovely swain,
Kind Cupid lend your powerful aid ;
That stole my heart and caused the pain,
Relieve, relieve a lovesick maid.

III.

O, bring him to this shady bower,
He'd talk of all the sweets of love ;
I then would own your mighty power,
He'd every pain and doubt remove.

Johnson discovers himself.—Miss Sprightly starts.

Johns. Start not, Madam, at the sight of one who only lives but in your smiles ; I need not tell you, I long have loved you with the most fervent passion, and on you alone depends my happiness ; deign, then (*kneels*), oh, charming woman, to give some hopes to one, who without your love, will die at your feet.

Miss Spright. Rise, Sir, I think I shall not deviate from the delicacy of my sex, to assure you that you may hope for a reciprocal return of affection ; I believe I need not tell you I have had for some time a great partiality for you, when my looks and actions so plainly speak my heart,—and I think it no impeachment on the understanding of a young lady candidly to declare her affection for a man of honour.—

Enter Miss Worden.

Miss Word. O, my dear, I am glad I have found you at last, this cool retreat is delightfully pleasant, and then the happy lover with you must greatly add to the pleasure.

Miss Spright. I find love too, has made you pleasant.

Miss Word. O, my dear, the Colonel has settled ev'ry thing to my aunt's mind ; she's in the greatest raptures imaginable, has given all her old cloaths to her maids, purchased new ones herself, and I am to have two new suits on her supposed marriage. The house is over run with milleners, mantua-makers and jewellers : she makes the servants believe it is to be my wedding day, and Faddle thinks I am going to be married ; only my uncle is let into the secret, and tells her she acts like a fool.—

Miss Spright. She'll be finely caught in her own trap. Never sure did any old woman appear so vain before, O, how I shall enjoy it, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Johns. I am glad I am to be one of the party ; poor old

BEAUTIES of CANTERBURY. 49

old lady, how she'll fret to lose her charming young husband, ha, ha, ha! the Colonel has acted his part extremely well; I never could have carried it off so.

Miss Spright. No, no, it was well you had not so great a task, for you have got them on your side to plead for you.

Mr. Johnf. I am exceedingly happy that I should get into all their good graces.

Miss Word. And I imagine, Mr. Johnson, you have a very powerful advocate near me.

Mr. Johnf. I hope so, Madam, or I must be extremely miserable, for on this lady depends on my happiness; therefore I hope among the rest of my friends, you'll help to hasten the happy day; and as my dear Miss Sprightly, will be of the party, she'll too join in the general joy.

Miss Spright. O, if I suffer you to run on at this rate, I shall be tricked out of my liberty before I think of it.—

Miss Word. But, not before I believe it's agreeable.

Miss Spright. My dear, you are a very bad one to keep secrets.

Miss Word. My dear, you are a very bad one to keep secrets. Your eyes discover your *penchant* for Mr. Johnson, without speaking at all.—

Mr. Johnf. My dear angel, say but the word, and make me the happiest of men.

Miss Spright. Well then, if I must give my consent, I'll strive to make you happy and I hope we shan't repeat.

Johnson.

Then now my dear, you'll ev'ry pain remove,

We'll for each other live—and live to love.

END of ACT the FOURTH.

ACT, V.

SCENE, Worden's House—*Enter* Miss Worden the elder and Mr. Worden.

MISS WORDEN SENIOR.

DEAR BROTHER, I want to have a little discourse with you.

Mr. Word. O, by all means. What's the matter now?

Miss Word. sen. Why, brother, I have a mind to change my condition, and marry.

F

Mr.

Mr. Word. (*amaz'd!*) Marry! marry did you say? you marry!

Miss Word. sen. Dear brother, is that such a mighty wonder?

Mr. Word. No Sister, it would not have been any wonder, thirty or forty years ago.

Miss Word. sen. Sir, you are always jeering at my age; though you are so much older.—

Mr. Word. Ah, and I hope much wiser too, Sister. Why, you don't hear me talking of marrying.

Miss Word. sen. No, I have often wondered you did not.

Mr. Word. No, no, one woman in a house, at a time, is enough. I have had forty years purgatory with you, and wives are very expensive; I therefore am determined I won't aggravate my situation at this time of life.

Miss Word. sen. But I hope you have no objection to my marrying.

Mr. Word. Oh, no, no, !—No to be sure. But this is something strange, you should consult me, as you never asked my advice in any thing!

Miss Word. sen. But, brother, as I intend to leave you, I should wish that we might be on a better footing; not always quarrelling and wrangling.

Mr. Word. Why, I believe we must part, that's the only remedy; for we are seldom twenty hours together, without wrangling.

Miss Word. sen. I own it's a great fault and folly, and I never intend to do it any more.

Mr. Word. Well, well, it's a fine resolution, and I hope you'll keep it. But I think you never shewed your folly so much in your life; I thought you had more discretion; but what have I to do with it, if you are determined to be a fool; but whom are you going to marry, sister—Old master Trot?

Miss Word. sen. Brother, you are exceedingly mortifying! Do you think I am going to marry an old fellow, going on crutches!

Mr. Word. Why, dear sister, you are not going to marry a young one sure!—a bigger fool yet, ha, ha, ha!—a bigger fool yet.—But pray, tell me, what fool are you going to marry?

Miss

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Miss Word. sen. No fool at all, Sir ; a very sensible gentleman, and a large fortune.

Mr. Word. O, no! O, no, sister, Oh, no, it can't be ; it's impossible ; he must be a fool, or no fortune, I'm sure. But pray who is he ; is it a secret ?

Miss Word. sen. No, but I don't want to make a talk of it. 'Tis the gentleman that danced with my niece, at the assembly.

Mr. Word. Oh, monstrous! monstrous!—And, sister, can you be such a fool as to think a fine, handsome, young fellow, can fall in love with your old, haggard, withered, wrinkled face ;—a very antidote to love!—Why, sister, you are not only foolish, but you are, absolutely, distracted ; wild as a march hare. You may well say you don't want to make a talk of it ; you ought to be ashamed of it. If it had been my niece, I shoudn't have wondered at it.

Miss Word. sen. Well, brother, though you may set me in such a despicable light, every body mayn't see so many wrinkles in my face as you do.

Mr. Word. No, no, if they did, you would'nt get a young husband, I'll assure you ; take my word for it.

Miss Word. sen. Brother, you are exceedingly provoking ; but I am determin'd to keep my temper.

Mr. Word. Well, I believe you are going to change your condition ! for I never knew but what you could out do me in wrangling. But, sister, are you sure you have not dreamt all this ? Are you in earnest in what you say ?

Miss Word. sen. Yes, to be sure, I am in earnest!

Mr. Word. Why, then *you* are, in earnest—a very great fool, and he a sharper.

Miss Word. sen. No, brother, he is no sharper. I know he is a gentleman of fortune——

Mr. Word. And deeply in love with your *beautiful* face ! Your features are very penetrating I'll allow. The poets draw love *blind* ; and he must be in love, up to the head and ears,—blind as a beetle. However, you have my consent, for he'll never come to claim yours.

Miss Word. sen. But I wish that you would give it me in writing, that my fortune may be given up on the day of marriage.

Mr. Word. Why, you have your fortune, have you not ?

Miss Word. sen. Yes, yes, but it's a whim of mine; and I'll make you a present of a hundred guineas.

Mr. Word. A whim, indeed, that I am sure you'll repent of. A hundred guineas!—a hundred guineas! I'll write just what you please—a hundred guineas.—O, I'll write any thing for you.

Miss Word. sen. Then write your consent, and I'll pay you immediately.

Mr. Word. Then I will, in the twinkling of your radiant eyes—O, a hundred guineas—What's his name?

[*Gees and writes at a table.*]

Miss Word. sen. William Bloom, Esquire, Colonel of Dragoons.

Mr. Word. There, I believe that will do.—William Bloom, Esq. has my free consent to marry Cælia Worden, and her whole fortune shall be given her on the day of marriage,

John Worden. —

But, sister, shou'dn't you be called the elder? I'll alter it.

Miss Word. No occasion at all; you are always giving me a twit about the elder.

Mr. Word. Well, sister, I wish you well with the Colonel, and I am very much obliged to him; but for all that, I believe it's a trick, for I think there never was such a fool of a Colonel; no, no, they know better.—There, (*gives the paper*) I believe I have the best of the bargain. Well, I'll leave you to think on it. [*Exit.*]

Miss Word. sen. Well, my good brother, I believe you are trick'd; but leave me alone for a good contrivance. I am not a girl in intrigues —“ Wrinkled face indeed;” it's only his spiteful temper. I thought I must have given it up. I knew not how to bear his insults, but

Let him go, and let him hug his gold,
I'm safe, I know, I've had my fortune told.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE, Colonel *leading in* Miss Worden. Johnson *leading in* Miss Sprightly. —

Col. Now I defy all the powers to make me unhappy; for I am bless'd with all I hold most dear.

[*Kisses Miss Worden.*]

Johns. Indeed, I think, Colonel, we are the two happiest fellows in England; and may we do our utmost to deserve our good fortune.

Col.

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Col. Brown will make a third, when I have appeased the old lady. I suppose it is now near the appointed time with her.

Miss Word. How do you think you'll come off?

Col. My dear, leave that to me, I shall come off with flying colours I make no doubt.

Enter Lucy. Lucy Starts.

Lucy. Sir, my mistress gives her compliments, and is quite ready to go to the chapel.

Col. Then give my compliments to your mistress, and tell her I have been to the chapel, and shall be glad to see her as soon as she pleases.

Lucy. Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons; but have I not the honour of knowing you?

Col. Yes, I believe you know the fortune-teller; but keep the secret, and in a few hours you shall be happy in the sight of Mr. Brown.

Lucy. Sir, you astonish me!

Enter Miss Worden, sen.

Miss Word. sen. Sir, I hope you'll excuse me, I am all in such a flutter, on this occasion. My maid tells me you have been, I can't think what strange message she brought, for she told me you had been!

Col. We have, madam.

Miss Word. sen. I mean to the chapel.

Col. And I mean to the chapel, madam.

Miss Word. sen. And is every thing ready, Sir?

Col. Yes, madam, quite complete; and I hope you'll give me joy.

Miss Word. sen. Sir, you really put me to the blush; but I'll certainly do what I can to promote your happiness. I shall be glad when the day is over. I believe we are rather beyond the time.

Col. I believe you are. (*aside*) Madam, Miss Worden and I are exceedingly obliged to you, and hope you'll give us both your blessing.

Miss Word. Yes, my dear aunt, I earnestly intreat your pardon, and your blessing.

Miss Word. sen. Sir, I don't know the meaning; but all this seems very strange to me!

Col. Seem strange to you, madam!—What, your own contrivance? have not you altered your mind, and given it out, among your servants, that I was to marry Miss

Worden, who is now my wife? Therefore, madam, give me leave to introduce Mrs. Bloom to you.

Miss Word. sen. Is it possible that I should be made an instrument of your folly and ridicule? I can never surmount this affront.

Col. Your folly, madam, not mine! a lady of your time of life to be susceptible of the tender passions! and then your weakness and credulity to believe in a conjurer!

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Word. sen. Pray, Sir, don't add insult to deception. How do you know I believed in a conjurer?

Col. Only, by my having this lady for my wife, and in possession of all her fortune, which you have been base enough to keep from her 'till now. And though, madam, you have not got a husband, yet you have, what you have not been in possession of a great while,—a clear conscience, which will be a far better companion, to you, than a young husband, depend on't. Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Word. Do, dear aunt, be reconciled, and complete our felicity with your forgiveness.

Miss Word. sen. O, I shall go distracted; and, as to you, madam, is this the kind, the grateful return for all my favours, and the good instructions I have given you?

Miss Word. Certainly, it is, madam: first I thank you for the great care you have taken of my fortune; next for your kind instructions.—You know you told me love affairs should be managed with a little contrivance! ha, ha, ha! and I have improved upon it.

Miss Word. sen. Did I tell you that you should see ghosts and goblins! ha, ha, ha!

Miss Word. I saw no ghost to frighten me, but your conscience soon took the alarm.

All. ha, ha, ha!

Enter Mr. Worden.

Mr. Word. Hey day! What's all this racket about? have you got angry on the wedding-day, what has the charm broke already? won't a young husband, nor nothing keep you in temper? Oh, he'll have a rare time on't; he doesn't know what a charming bargain he has made. He has taken you for better, for worse; and I fear he'll find you always worse and no better.

Miss Word. sen. Pray hold your fool's tongue, and let's have none of your wit, I beseech you. Am I to be made

made a make-game for every one? But he has made a better bargain than you think for.

Mr. Word. So much the better; I come to wish you joy. I thought we should have had the honey moon, however.

Miss Word. sen. No, brother, *that* lady is the bride; you may wish her joy.

Mr. Word. Why, I think she looks a deal more tempting of the two; and a deal more fit for a bride. He has made a better bargain, indeed, and I commend his choice. But is all this true; are you married Cœlia?

Miss Word. Yes, Sir; I hope you will forgive it, and I crave your blessing.

Mr. Word. O, child, I shan't deny you a blessing, that is but a trifle; but as to forgiving you, I must consider of it.

Miss Word. sen. Yes, yes, brother, you are glad he has made a better bargain; but you are trick't, brother, as well as I: with all your cunning, she has got all her fortune.

Mr. Word. The devil she has! then, sister, it's entirely through you. I told you it was a trick; but you would not be stiled Cœlia the elder. Ah, you fool, you old fool! this is falling in love with a young fellow, and be hang'd to you. — You deserve it all, and I am not sorry you are disappointed.

Miss Word. sen. But you will, when you find you are disappointed. She has got all her fortune, I assure you: now you may judge if he hasn't made a good bargain.

Mr. Word. Well, if she is married, she shall have her fortune, it's no more than her right, and I shall get rid of her, and you too, for you shan't be with me: and you may go and look for another young lover, if you can, you old fool you.

Miss Word. sen. That's not all: She has got her fortune, her jewels, and her uncle Charles's writings too; and what do you say to that? you old fool you!

Mr. Word. Say! what do I say! why I say you are a silly woman, and would wish to represent me as a rogue; but it was all your wicked contrivance, from beginning to end. It was not my will to consent to the concealment of her fortune, and I intended she should have known that when I died; for I have left it all to her in my will, and

and good interest besides. I, therefore, freely forgive them, and am glad you are served so.

Col. Sir, it shall never be mentioned by me, neither will I accept of any of your profer'd interest. I shall only keep her fortune.

Mr. Word. Colonel, I give you, and my niece joy. I see, my girl, you have married a gentleman of spirit, and I'll make you my heirs. But which way did you come at the writings, for my sister ever kept them in her possession. I never would have them, for I did not like the affair, though I was weak enough to consent to it.

Miss Word sen. Oh! Miss saw a ghost that held a bag, ha, ha, ha! but I shall never believe in ghosts any more.

Miss Word. Why, I think you have had enough of ghosts and goblins, too aunt, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Word. No, no, no, my dear; the next ghost you see, will be your poor dear aunt Coelia, for she can't possibly survive it, I am sure. Sister, this is worse than Capt. Flam, and Mr. Meeklove, and all your lovers together, ha, ha, ha!

Miss Word sen. I'll bear no more, but I'll haunt you all, when I have it in my power. [Going.

Mr. Word. Sister, (calling her back.) You must have a young husband—must you!

Miss Word sen. Oh! you old fool——[Exit. crying.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Word. Good bye, sister; but you never will have it in your power, that is the best. Colonel, I like you exceedingly well, and I shall certainly make you my heir, and cross Faddle, and my sister, out of my will.—But pray Miss Sprightly how do you like our wedding?

Johns. Sir, this lady is no more Miss Sprightly, but my wife; the same clergyman married us all.

Miss Spright. It's true indeed, Sir; and I flatter myself neither of us will have occasion to repent our choice.

Mr. Word. Very well, very well; all is mighty clever. I never expected two weddings in my house, but I am very glad the entertainment is providing. If I could get sister to marry old Trot now, we'd have another wedding yet, poor old fool. She had much better appear with us in a dance, than talk of appearing after she is dead.

Miss Word. I think so, Sir, indeed.

Col. Sir, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to see you
are

are of so forgiving a temper; and, I hope, Sir, I shall always deserve your esteem. I have a secret to inform you of, which, I think, will make another wedding. Lucy (Miss Worden's maid) is a lady of fortune; I knew her abroad, and her lover is a particular friend of mine. I have sent him word, to attend me here, with all expedition;—and hope to be the happy instrument of promoting the felicity of two honest hearts!

Mr. Word. O, by all means, let as many as can be happy on this joyful occasion. I think I am as happy to day as ever I was in my life.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, a letter from Mr. Faddle. The servant waits.
[Gives it to Mr. Worden, who reads]

S I R,

I gave my aunt so much offence, by coming in abruptly on her, that I thought proper to send you previous notice of my intended visit. Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I am married to the Countess Demoine, whose love was so great for me, that she came over, in Cog. to seek me. She is a lady of large fortune and great merit, is something older than myself; but, I make no doubt, we shall be as happy as most married folks. We intend setting off to London as soon as I have paid my respects to you. I hope Miss Sprightly won't take it to heart, for it's impossible for me to marry ev'ry lady that takes a liking to me.—I wait your commands,

And am, with the greatest respect,

Your dutiful nephew,

F. FADDLE.

Mr. Word. Give my compliments to his master, and let him know that I shall be glad to see him and his lady.

Serv. I shall, Sir.

[Exit

Mr. Word. Ha, ha, ha! Well, this is a day by itself, every one is to be happy but poor sister. Why, Faddle is married, and to a Countess too; I wish he is not mistaken. I have no notion of old women falling in love; but there is no accounting for a lady's fancy, for it's very strange indeed, sometimes. But, I believe, there are few would fall in love with Faddle; but she, no doubt, is a lady of delicate constitution.

Col. Sir, it's a fine thing for a man to know himself; he sight often hinders a man's looking inwardly.

Mr.

Mr. Word. That's right, that's right, I believe if we look inwardly, we shall find many defects that the looking glass won't discover.

Miss Spright. Yet many I believe see many different faces in it, and forget they see their own.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Faddle.

Mr. Word. Show him up (*Exit Servant*) we must behave with a little ceremony to my new niece.

Enter Faddle, leading in his lady, and presents her to his uncle.

Fad. Sir, this is Lady Faddle.

Mr. Word. Madam, I give you joy; may you and my nephew be as happy as love and prosperity can make you.

Mrs. Fad. Sir, you do me honour.

Fad. Sir, I am obliged to you, the infinite merit of this lady cannot fail of making me superlatively happy.—

Col. (goes to salute Mrs. Faddle and starts.) Why, I must turn fortune-teller again. Are you really married, Mr. Faddle?

Fad. Married! bear witness all you powers, I never was so truly blest, my dear little captivated heart beats with extatic rapture, and acknowledges her triumph, married! do you doubt it,—are you a party concerned?

Col. Sir, this lady is no stranger to me, she was my Sister's French governess. She has risen surprisingly to be a countess of great fortune, ha! ha! ha! and now I recollect I remember to have heard that the lady went by some French nobleman's name that kept her. I hope, Mr. Faddle, she is not your wife; if she is, I am sorry for you.

Fad. A governess! a cast off mistress! oh, fire and faggots, I'm ruin'd, I'm distracted.

Mr. Word. Hold! you had much better be satisfied, for if you are really married, you can't help yourself. Vain fool to think a Countess should fall in love with you! egad, I thought she was a rum Countess; but I hope your foolish conceit will be cured, however; “you cannot marry all the ladies that fall in love with you, truly”; no, no, you must look out for a person of quality, and now you have found one, the Countess Dowager Trollop, a fit wife for such a whipper-snapper; therefore make the best of a bad bargain.

Fad.

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Fad. O, I am petrified! I must never appear among the Delitanti again; but, thank heav'n, I am not really married, or will be married, for I have never consummated; split me, how I have been treated; how durst you impose on me in so base a manner, hussy; but you shall never take the name of Faddle, I assure you.

Mrs. Fad. I hope love will plead my excuse, you know I am your lawful wife.—

Fad. No, Madam, it was your necessity. Oh, that I should be such a cursed coxcomb; a stupid noodle to make the settlement on you; I am distracted, I shall be called the *out-witted macaroni* throughout the whole city.

Mr. Word. So, then the monkey returned from travel has played his tricks, 'till he has out-tricked himself; indeed you have made a pretty piece of work of it!

Fad. Uncle, your apathy of disposition marks you more for a brute than a man; but I'll leave you all, and see if I can't get redress to free me from that old, frenchified impostor. Oh! that I could be such a cursed dolt to be so taken in to marry an old governess, instead of a Countess. [Exit.]

Mr. Word. Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon, but you'll do well to follow your incensed husband, your great love may turn the scale. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Fad. And so I will, and have my settlement, and I don't care a farthing for his name, or him either. [Exit.]

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Col. Poor Faddle, I pity him.—

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Mr. Brown desires to speak with you.

Mr. Word. Pray desire the gentleman to walk in

Servant. I shall, Sir. [Exit.]

Enter Mr. Brown.

Col. Brown, I am glad to see you; this is my wedding-day, and I wanted you to participate in my happiness.—

Brown. My dear Bloom, you know I ever wished you success, oh, that I could experience the same felicity with my lovely, long lost Isabella, then my happiness would be complete.—

Col. You know I have turned a general fortune-teller, and sure I shan't forget my friend. This day shall make you blest; Isabella waits but to make you happy.

Brown.

Brown. Then my joy is compleat (*Enter Isabella, they run into each others arms*) by heaven she is here, my angel! my life! my long lost Isabella! who could have thought I should have enjoyed a happiness like this?

Isab. O, my dear, my best beloved friend, words are too weak to express my joy. O happy, happy Isabella! I did not in the least expect that Providence would thus bless me once more in beholding you.—

Brown. But tell me, my dearest life, my lovely Isabella, what has happened to you since I saw you last, how did your tender frame bear the difficulties of the sea; how had you courage to take this tedious journey, and how can I merit so much truth, constancy and love?—

Isab. As soon as you had left Spain, my Father was determined I should marry Don Pedro de Pond; I found it would be impossible for me to withstand my Father's resolute temper, so I feigned a seeming compliance, and the day was fixed for our union: you know my maid Fidele, she was my nurse's daughter, who loves me like her own child; she has a brother that's Captain of a ship, which was about sailing to Amsterdam; it was so contrived that I should have a sailor's dress, and go with him in that disguise as his boy, 'till I got to Amsterdam; when he procured me other cloaths, for before I left Spain, I contrived to fling a few trifles out of my window, that they might suppose me drowned. I dared not take Fidele with me, for fear of a discovery; I only took what money with me I had, and the generosity of the Captain supplied me with what money I wanted more.

Brown. A thousand blessings on him for his kindness to my love, but my dear life, go on; I am afraid you have suffered much.—

Isab. We staid some time at Amsterdam, 'till at last there was a vessel bound for London; I set sail with a favourable wind, and we had very agreeable company. We had a storm which drove us into Dover, from thence I came to Canterbury, thinking to go to London, and find you out, if possible, by the direction that you used to write, to Sir William Maynard, which I had carefully saved from old letters you had dropt. But to my great distress, I had lost my Pocket Book, wherein was a draft for money, which the good Captain had given me on his Agent in London. My distress was then extremely great,
and

and what still aggravated my sufferings, there was a French passenger who insulted me in my trouble, but was prevented by an Irish gentleman, who would fain have been my lover; so I was determined to go no further.

Brown. My dearest life, what you have suffered on my account!—but how came you here?

Isab. Finding myself in this dreadful situation, I told my dismal tale to the Ladlady, who being a very human woman, did all she could to comfort me, and by good fortune she knew of the place I am now in, and recommended me as her niece. In such a manner has Providence made me happy.

Brown. And may it be my study to deserve this constancy, this is joy indeed!

Miss Word. Dearest Madam, excuse me for treating you as a servant, not knowing your quality; now I hope to have your sincere friendship, and beg to be looked on as a Sister; I always thought there was a sweetness of temper mixt with a melancholy, which I wondered at.—

Isab. (embrace) Madam, your amiable disposition, and kind behaviour had almost reconciled me to my fate; I thought myself exceedingly happy I was so well provided for; your friendship I shall always esteem the greatest honour, and pleasure.

Miss Spright. (embracing) Madam, may I claim a Sister's friendship too, as this lady and I have always been as such, and then we may call ourselves the happy three.

Col. Madam, we were always friends, and ever shall remain so.

Johns. And though I am a new friend, I am sure to be a true one.

Mr. Word. And I too, for you have made me as loving as the rest, I declare; I believe if I was not so old I should be married myself, for so much love among you has warmed every drop of blood in my veins, it's wonderful. I am sorry I have spent my time to so poor advantage, with Sister Cœlia; if I had not, I should have been as happy as the best of you. But pray, Madam, how did she behave to you?

Isab. Sir, we have all our faults, and I have many you are witness to. I left a tender mother, and a good father (in other respects) to seek my lover.

Brown. And he in return will love you now for ever ; that I'll answer for him, Madam.

Mr. Word. Upon my word, I think I shall love you all ; this is the happiest day I ever saw in my life.—I think these adventures, when they are talked of, will be called *Canterbury Tales* ; however, we'll conclude the night with mirth and festivity, and drink a chearful glass to each happy pair.

Col. My dear Miss Worden, I hope during our stay in this transitory life we shall experience that felicity, which is generally attendant on mutual affection, constancy and truth,

*And now I think our joy is quite compleat,
If we can all your approbation meet. [To the Audience:*

Exeunt Omnes



EPIL.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. DAWES.

THE *Authoreſs ſends her grateful Thanks to all,*
Tho' very conſcious that her Merit's ſmall,
This pleaſing ſight (addreſſing the Audience) impels her to
impart,
The honeſt Tribute of a grateful Heart;
She breathes her warmeſt Wiſhes for her Friends,
And thanks the Hand that kind Aſſiſtance lends,
She hopes none here did ever think ſhe meant
To draw her Friends as Objects of Contempt!
Forbid it Honor! no! her infant Muſe,
Has faintly ſtrove to pleaſe, and not abuſe;
To ſhew thoſe who in Hymen's Bonds engage,
That healthful Youth ne'er low'd decrepid age;
Ne'er let Ambition be your chief intent,
Leſt you too ſoon like FADDLE do repent;
You ſaw how much his Pride was hurt by this,
His COUNTESS proved a tricking caſt-off Miſs;
Thus Men too often ſilly Maids deceive,
When they their Promiſes and Vows believe.
Ye Fair, let Virtue all our Ways direct,
You'll then be low'd, and treated with reſpect;
It is not wealth which make your Joys compleat,
For real Blifs attends the good and great;
And you, ye Swains, preſerve the Britiſh Fair!
And be their Honor your peculiar Care;
O may you to them ever conſtant prove,
And each be happy with the Maid you love.

The E N D.

EPILOGUE

Spoken by M. L. DAVIS

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